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"WHAT SHALL I BE?" TWO PICTURES FROM THE PAST.

BY ONE WHO WAS.

MY LAST DAY AT SCHOOL! How varied are the thoughts those little words awaken! Hope's young face, with the unfinished "I shall be—" trembling upon her lips, is lighted with a smile. Memory sighs, and walks again the twilight halls of that dear dim past.

Hope and Memory—the poetry of youth and the plaint of age—the "I shall be," and "I might have been," of human life. Like some old glorious gallery is that human heart. In Youth, how brightly lighted, how gorgeously arranged. Those massive frames, new carved and gilded, draped in gauze, line all the walls e'en then, *ready* to enshrine the pictured hopes; for alas! those frames are empty yet, and the curtains conceal the canvas guiltless of a tint. And there the little artist stands, and smiles, and dreams, and *hopes* a picture into every frame. Thinking what shall be done, he has no time to do; wildered with the blended beauties, called up like early clouds to fringe the morning of his heart, he cannot stay to paint them. Rainbows in April days, they touch his heaven, arch his world, and melt before his eyes, not one retained—those frames are vacant still!

Day waxes to its full—noon wanes apace;

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hope's silver song sounds faintly in the east, behind the child, but child no more; life's "westward ho!" with him was sounded long ago. "Stooping and staffed," he turns, and again he stands within that same old hall of heart, where Hope has been. 'Tis Memory's now—the same yet *not* the same. Each frame, each niche is there, the tapestry as of old, but the day is dimmer, and twilight's seamless veil hangs tremulous before those walls as if a breath beneath did stir it.

If, like me, dear reader, you are a pilgrim now—are living on, when hearts whose pulse you deemed isochronal with yours, have ceased to beat, then is this no "counterfeit presentment" of words. But if yet "yower young," you smile at pilgrim's scrip and robe and staff, then have you still to learn that the *realities* of life, like the summer dews, are not the visible things of to-day, but the souvenirs of yesterday, revealed in the light of to-morrow; that mind is developed and heart moulded, as the marble is wrought and the canvas quickened, not springing, like Minerva, helmeted, armed, and in the full vigor of maturity, from a racked brain or a throbbing bosom. Lo! the faint clinking of the

graver, and the silent touch of the pencil, imperceptible for an hour, unseen for a day, unobserved for a year, but finally, as if life had meandered through the pulseless stone, there it stands up, a statue in the day, no more breathless than the admiration it awakens; and there upon the canvas starts a new being or opens away a new landscape, as though this had just trembled up from the parting waters of chaos, or that had broken from its first slumber in some second Eden. So it is that the invisible ripplings of emotion and the slight breath of each unregarded act fill the sail and determine the port of life's young mariner.

When the cradle, that tiny bark, is rocking hard by the hither shore of time, and the mother's eyes keep sleepless watch, then begins that series of influences that cast the horoscope of its tenant's destiny. As the marble images at Mecca were worn away by the kisses of the pilgrims, so the caress of affection has already commenced its sure but silent work of moulding mind and heart; in the fireside gambols, it is continued; in the child's first books, it is but just begun; in the school it is advancing; in the college, developing; in the world, indurating. True, as a bolt disclosed beneath the snowy robe of the Andes, a Peruvian mine ripening in its rocky heart, so sometimes an extraordinary agent may give new direction and develop new energies in the mature mind, but the rock and the mountain were there, and the character must be already expanded and formed thus to be awakened by "a touch from Heaven."

But that twilight hall. With pensive step does Memory approach and withdraw with half-reluctant hand the veil that hides those etchings of the past from the bright glare of day. Those frames are pictureless no more! Here is the face of one we loved of old and love still:

A look deep and tender—a vision that brings
A tear to the eye and a pang to the heart,
For the dear sainted One that lives as a part
Of our being, death itself cannot sever,
Enshrined in the soul and enshrined there forever.

Mary! we will tell of thee, but not now. And here, here is one who flitted across our path like a sun-beam, and returned to Heaven too soon.

There another—a laughing boy of twelve, with sunny curls and sunny thoughts beneath, and deep, earnest, questioning eyes and parted lips that listen. Ah! Jesse Brooks, for such thou wert in our early days—the favorite of the

school, the full-souled, noble boy of all the little troop, and here thou art, unchanged. How warmly beat that heart beneath the vesture that thou didst use to wear! How beats it now! Let fall the curtain o'er him as he was, and naught "extenuating," still naught "in malice," let me recal the story of his brief but sad career, a simple thread of facts uncolored and unchanged, except in dates, localities and names; for those are living yet, whose hearts ache when they think of him, with the poignancy of a first grief.

In the northern part of the "Empire State," is a vast tract of forest, fringing the shores of the Black river, stretching eastward towards Lake George and northward to the mountain districts. I say *is*, for although many beautiful nestling places have been hewn out amid the serried columns of Nature's living temple, and many lovely and flourishing little villages planted therein; though the two fertile ranges of land on the western bank of the river have been mapped out into noble farms, checkered with green and golden fields and dotted with orchards, yet vast solitudes remain, whose silence is unbroken save by the rifle of the venturesome hunter, the tread of the wandering Indian, or the cries of beasts of prey. Here on the verge and beneath the very shadows of the wilderness, a race of hardy, enterprising, intelligent people has sprung up, surrounded by the comforts, and, in many instances, by the elegancies of civilized life. Linked with the great world, only by the lumbering coach, whose winding horn and attendant bustle were incidents in each day's history, they have learned that great secret of content, in the love of home—their home and the home of their fathers.

In one of these little villages, thus sprinkled along the old "State Road" to Lake Ontario, many years ago, flourished an academy; "Poplar Grove School," for so it was called, was the school for all the region; and indeed the sons and daughters of affluent parents were not unfrequently sent thither from distant towns and cities; for the quiet beauty of the place, the frank, hospitable, and refined character of its inhabitants, together with the acknowledged reputation of the preceptor, all conspired to render it one of the most delightful places imaginable, as the temporary home of youth, during their quarterly exile from the domestic circle. A happy company they were indeed, in those early days, happier I fear than they

have since been. Those first kindlings of emulation—those tear-blotted compositions—the first mysteries of Euclid—those ludicrous assays in the making of Latin—the teacher's dreaded frown and his no less coveted smile—those Wednesday afternoons, when with clean collars and shining faces, we were *all* "the orators of the day"—those tremblings and palpitations before it came 'our turn,' and that flush when the dread artillery of eyes, from the encouraging look of the teacher to the roguish glances of the gleeful girls, was levelled at us—all roguish but *one*—and that one—who wouldn't acquit himself well in *her* eyes?—those strolls on Saturday—those first lessons we took in good old Isaac Walton's gentle art, in the little creeks that glittered like skeins of silver from the hills—those "blackberrings" in summer and snowy battles in winter, and more than all, those fervent though evanescent attachments that serve so to develop our emotive nature, and after long years of separation and forgetfulness, linger round the heart like the murmur of its ocean-home in the sea-shell's tinted hall—these, *all* these rush on the thought and make us sigh for those halcyon days, when

"We used to think the forest tops
Were close against the sky."

And there was the dreaded ordeal of Examination, and the last night's Exhibition, and the crowded hall, and the lights that danced before our eyes as if in sympathy with our hearts—in memory's eye they are dancing yet! Then the excitement over, the day of parting came; all was hurry and bustle; trunks were packed, book-cases tenantless, drawers emptied. There goes the horn, and the yellow coach comes rocking up the gravelled walk before the door. One after another, the little party are seated—good-byes are exchanged—handkerchiefs waved from windows and doors by many a fair and friendly hand—tears are brushed hastily away—a twinge at the heart-strings—crack goes the driver's whip, and away rolls a part of our little world. Another vehicle and another, in turn receive their precious freight—farewells grow fainter, the utterance is choked—smiles are mockery—these are parting, to meet no more within those pleasant shades—*perhaps*, no more. Their last day at school has come, and has brought, alas! what they little fancied—tears. They linger longer. All is ready—the bustle

has subsided and they are alone. They go to take one last look at the old room—they had taken *two* before—they pass into the chapel, so silent, like a tomb, on to their old familiar seat; a forgotten book lay open upon it; they catch the name of its owner, a common friend, who had left to return no more. Tears will not be suppressed—they struggle up; and who would stay them? They turn away; they part, but not without renewed assurances of remembrance, of correspondence, and of hope that they should meet—"meet in happier times," they said. Mistaken pair; there *are* no happier times, this side of Heaven!

One of those two was the subject of this sketch—Jesse Brooks, he whom we saw in the picture hall of Memory, and the other—but no matter.

Well do I remember the day when Jesse became a member of our little community. One Saturday afternoon during that parting smile of the relenting year, the Indian summer, as we were at tea, a carriage, drawn by a dashing pair of white horses, whirled up to the gate, and the hum of voices was hushed in an instant. Presently the preceptor entered the room, accompanied by a gentleman in a sort of military undress which we thought very grand, leading a lad of about twelve. The introduction of a stranger who should become the sharer of our studies and recreations, was no novel thing; but there was something in the manner of the newcomer and his guardian, that interested us at once, and prompted us to vie with each other in paying those little attentions which are so grateful to one upon his entrance into a community of strangers. This interest, perhaps, was a little enhanced by the splendid equipage of which we had caught a glimpse through the window. Alas! for poor human nature. Those curls, "brown in the shade and golden in the sun," clustering round a broad, fair brow; those eyes, so full and speaking; those lips, the very model of Apollo's bow; that slender but sinewy form; the glance, not timid, yet not bold, with which he scanned our little group—how vividly and truthfully are they all portrayed in that picture of memory, whose veil we just now lifted. In a word, the lad became one of us, and his uncle, for such relation did his companion sustain, re-entered the carriage and departed. His gentle yet manly mien soon won every heart, and Jesse Brooks was the favorite of our little world. In each bolder excursion, he first dared

the Rubicon; in surmounting obstacles, he was our Napoleon, while in task and theme he acknowledged no superior. Comparatively unknown, we had loved him, and when we learned his little history, that sentiment was by no means diminished.

His father had been an officer in the British Navy, and from the early age of seven, the son had no counsellor nor confidant but him, and no home but his gallant and ill-fated ship. One year previous to his arrival at Poplar Grove, the frigate "Dauntless" was wrecked in the Pacific; the boats were swamped, and the lifeless body of the father was found by some fishermen on the rocks, clasping in the firm embrace of affection, locked in death, the hardly less inanimate form of his beloved Jesse. That son was restored to life, and with it to the fearful consciousness that his last and only earthly friend, who had borne him in his arms and watched his sleeping couch, had deserted him—that his very home was a scattered and drifting wreck, and he an orphan and alone in this wide world, beating with so many hearts, but with none of its own. That death-clasp was not colder than the freezing thoughts that chilled along his pulses when his desolation gradually dawned upon him. Merciful indeed is the arrangement of Heaven, by which, in the mental as in the material world, the twilight of sadness precedes the deeper gloom of a rayless spirit that "will not be comforted," thus preparing the vision, so inured to the gleams of gladness, for that inevitable hour, cheered only by lofty hopes, those stars of God's last creation, set far above the cloud and night of our earthly dwelling. Thanks be to God for His twilight!

The Spaniards, for such they were, having buried the ill-fated father upon the shore, bore the lad to their hamlet, a few miles distant from Callao, the port of Lima, capital of Peru. Although unable from his ignorance of the language to express his wants, yet his preservers, won by the appearance, no less than the desolate condition of the foundling, anticipated his wants, though they could not soothe his grief, and day after day, the little fellow wandered away to the lonely spot that mocked him with all he had lost, and throwing himself upon the earth, gave way to his unutterable anguish. Everything reminded him of his loss. The broad Pacific, rising away in the distance till it laved the horizon and blended with its light, *that* had been his home once; how dreary was

it now! And the stars themselves—how eloquent they were! Many and many a night had he "with unequal step" paced the quarter-deck with his father, and learned each constellation and brighter star by name, and from *his* lips, that now were sealed in death beneath him.

But time and tears came to his relief, and that which it had so thrilled him with anguish to remember, now became the food of thought, "like the music of Caryll, pleasant but mournful to the soul." In his solitary rambles he chanced to discover, half hidden beneath the luxuriant leaf of some tropical plant, a little flower of a species that had been familiar to him from earliest childhood, and that in happier days ashore, he had gathered and woven with the skill of filial love to decorate the button-holes of his father's coat. The arid fountain of tears that had been sealed in the intensity of his grief was touched at the sight as by the wand of the prophet, and thus Nature's own utterance and relief came at once to soothe and to save his young spirit from the apathy and bitterness that might otherwise have turned the sweet gushings of his heart to a spring of Marah.

Need I say, that flower was transferred to the grave, and tended with all his little care and watered with his tears? In it he had found a companion that *could speak his language*, and with fragrant breath talk to him of the past.

Meanwhile his kind preservers had not been idle. By the advice of a priest at Callao, who furnished them with a letter and the requisite directions, they proceeded to Lima, but seven miles distant, and recounted the touching story to the British Agency. The father's rank and reputation were not unknown to them, and arrangements were speedily made to send him to an uncle who resided on the banks of the Hudson river in the State of New York, and who like his brother, had passed nearly all his life upon the deep.

Having been liberally rewarded for the interest they had shown, and charged to return with the lad upon the following day, they turned homeward, not a little elated with the success of their mission.

But here was another struggle for poor Jesse. His uncle was a stranger, but then he loved him because his *father* had, and that father—how could he leave him in his grave alone! Sad indeed was the parting from that handful of cherished earth, but it was over, and the following day, as the vessel swept gallantly out into the

deep, the little fellow strained his tearful gaze, to catch, if he could, one glimpse more of that spot whose recollection was to accompany him, an ever-present thought wherever he might wander or weep.

The voyage was almost ended. There, glittering in sunlight, rose the spires and domes of New York, and in two days more, the little orphan was folded weeping and bewildered in the arms of his blunt but warm-hearted uncle. A few weeks after this meeting, Jesse became an inmate of "Poplar Grove."

Thus much only had we learned of his history, but enough surely, to invest its subject with the interest of romance, and predispose us to love him with all the fervor of a breathing reality.

Term followed term, vacation succeeded to vacation; the third year was rapidly closing, and Jesse was still a pupil. But his school days were almost ended, and the "last" was already anticipated, by the thoughtless with delight—by the pensive, with a feeling akin to sadness. Of the latter was Jesse, and how wonderful the change those three little years had wrought! All traces of the boy had vanished; the object of sympathy had become the subject of admiration and a deeper sentiment of regard; the April-like changefulness of expression that alternately clouds and brightens the face of boyhood, had given place to a fixed purpose, legible in every line of his face; an anxiety which he could not quite conceal, had done for him the office-work of time. The Almanac, the "bald Harvester's" thin-leaved ledger, has no column for the old in thought and care; and if it had, how would it be blurred with many tears, sole record of hearts that never beat articulate to the ear of sympathy.

Jesse's heart evidently "carried weight," thus early in life's race, and the nature of that haunting thought had not unfrequently been the theme of speculation among his schoolmates.

Once and only once, a few days previous to his departure, was he heard to speak of his mother. We had strolled away upon a summer evening to a beautiful maple grove that skirted the village, and wearied with the walk, had thrown ourselves carelessly upon the grass. Jesse was unusually thoughtful and silent. A slight breath of air removed a leaf near by and disclosed a wild violet beneath. He spied it, and hastily plucking it, pressed it to his lips, paused an instant, covered his face with his

hands, and burst into tears. They were the first I had seen him shed. I had seen him suffering the pain of a fractured limb without a murmur, nay, with cheerfulness; I had seen him, when the intelligence of the death of his uncle and last friend upon whom he possessed a claim, was communicated to him. A shiver, a gasp, a stifled sob, and the fatal letter was calmly refolded. That day his place was vacant in his class, but the next, he was there; his cheek was pale, but his voice firm as ever. His emotion was soon suppressed, and turning to me, he said with a faint smile, "Frank, don't tell them what a fool I am, but the sight of that flower makes me quite a child. 'Twas a flower like that, I found in Peru four years ago, and planted on the grave"—his voice faltered, the sentence he could not finish, and was silent.

"Frank," said he after a moment's pause, "that simple violet has been for a whole year my sole companion—it alone could talk to me of the past; see!" and taking from his bosom a locket, he touched the spring and showed me the withered leaf of a violet. "That," he continued, "I plucked from the grave of my father." At that instant my eye rested upon the portrait of a lady. He anticipated my wish, and handing it to me, I gazed upon as fair a face as had ever gladdened my eyes. There were the same eyes and lips and brow—the same expressive smile—it was the very counterpart of the being who lay before me; it might have been his sister or his mother.

"And this?" said I, breaking the silence—"I know not who it is," he quickly added. "The locket I unclasped from my father's neck ere they hid him from my eyes. Once, entering the cabin unexpectedly, I saw him earnestly and as I thought sorrowfully gazing upon a picture. He did not perceive me, and softly approaching him, I got a glimpse of the object of his contemplation. It was this locket; but there were two portraits; one of them you now hold in your hand. The other was the picture of a man—a striking likeness, and I feel that years could not quite efface the expression. I could recognize that man anywhere—in disguise or in a crowd, it would matter not."

"Do you not know who it is, then?" I inquired.

"Of this I am as ignorant as of the other. My father started when he perceived me, thrust the locket hastily into a drawer and with a sad look drew me to him and held me clasped for a

long time in silence. Then putting me away from him, he left the cabin without uttering a word. That night he was upon deck as was his custom, and called me to him. His tones, though always kind to me, were deeper and more subdued than usual, and placing his hand gently upon my head, he asked me if I remembered my mother? It was the first time he had spoken of one who though never seen, had assumed in my young fancy, every form of loveliness, and the question thus unexpectedly put, coupled with the picture I had seen, acted with mnemonic power; a dim scene, like a dream, rose before me, of a fine mansion, waving trees, and a face, a form so like the picture—it must have been my mother, and I eagerly asked him if it was her picture that I had seen. He made me no reply, but in a low tone talked to me of the past; that he was then my only friend; that he might die, but that I must keep up a stout heart; God would raise me up new friends, wiser perhaps, not more kind and true than he was; that he could not commend me to a mother's care, but Heaven bent over and encircled us *wherever* we were. The tears were coursing rapidly down my cheeks, and his voice grew tremulous, sometimes almost inaudible. But he went on. He told me how hollow were the professions of the world; how easily we might be deceived; that we should beware of forming hasty friendships; that a treasure whose loss would peril our happiness, we should commit to the keeping of none but an all-seeing Heaven; that he and I were exiles for this reason, and that he could forgive his bitterest enemies more easily than he could pray for those who had seemed his friends. Here he stopped, and bowing his face upon his hands, remained a long time silent. Then suddenly resuming the conversation, he said, "Jesse, my boy, you are very young, but not too young to be silent. You will—God grant you may—survive me. There are some things of moment to you that sooner or later you must know. Would it were not so; would that some other tongue might tell it, but no, 'tis better thus, and I should be selfish indeed, to shrink from a single, though bitter pang, for the sake of justice and you. In those two pictures you behold those who have bequeathed to you a legacy of danger and wrong—those who have embittered the remaining hours of my existence. Regarding one—of him it is necessary that you be warned in time, for you must bring yourself to contemplate the

time, my son, when you shall stand doubly orphaned in the world. His portrait I will give you—gaze upon it 'till every lineament is burned in upon your memory, never to be obliterated. He is living. The story I could not tell you, I have written. When I am gone it is yours. You will not misunderstand me. The purest, noblest revenge upon those that wrong us, is in an upright, blameless life, but the ends of human justice are not to be forgotten. His name is one you must have heard already; the name of—" At this instant the cry of "fire" rang through the ship, and almost simultaneous with the alarm, a dense volume of black smoke rolled up and enveloped the deck. Every effort human power could make, or judgment direct, was made, but it availed nothing. The flames gained with resistless energy. The magazine was in fearful proximity to the fire, and was already rendered inaccessible. The ship was doomed, and nothing remained but to save ourselves if we could. The boats were lowered and laden to the water's edge. Spars, planks, and everything that could bear a life, were seized and thrown overboard. Some had become frantic with fear, and rushed wildly hither and thither over the burning decks, refusing to avail themselves of any means of escape. Others, chilled into apathy, calmly stood with folded arms, and gazed upon the flames; some smiled; others clung to the chains 'till the inevitable element compelled them to loose their grasp, and they fell with one wild cry into the deep, and were heard no more. Meanwhile the wind freshened, and the boats, rendered unmanageable, were tossed at the mercy of the waves. Fore, aft and aloft, the ship was dressed in fiery flags, that waved as if in mockery, over our burning home. A dull sound, a rumbling jar, a shiver through its huge frame, a stunning roar like the crash of mountain thunders—the magazine had exploded, and with a lurch, the blackened, shivered hulk settled down and all was gloom and a blank waste of waters.

One after another the boats filled; ours was destined to be the last. We could see dark forms floating and tossing here and there upon the foam. Ever and anon, above the shriek of waves, rose the piercing cry of "some strong swimmer in his agony." My father clasped me in his arms, but there was no fear there! I could feel through his wet garments his heart beat steadily on. Our turn came, and we were buffeting with the waves that dashed over us.

I felt his grasp grow firmer, and knew no more 'till awakened to the consciousness that I was alone in the world.

"That disclosure was never made—that history was destroyed with the ship—this locket alone remains. I unclasped it from his neck before they consigned him to the earth. But that other portrait; here is but one. In vain have I sought for a secret spring that might perhaps conceal it, the face of him who made my father a homeless wanderer and me an orphan, with a fearful legacy of mystery—perhaps of woe. Well was it that I

saw that picture in the cabin. It will, it *must* guide me eventually to a knowledge of this unseen being who has blighted one heart I loved, and whose fate seems to be interwoven with my own. This thought—to find *him*—to make the *sea* thus give up its dead, has haunted me since that hour—it has become the purpose of my life. To it, all else must be sacrificed. Isn't it strange, Frank, that thus upon an unfinished sentence, the whole destiny of my life may, perhaps, be poised?"

[Continued.]

TO JOSEPHINE.

True friendship, what a sacred name!
Which time, nor chance can sever,
Remaining fixed, and still the same,
The present, past, forever.

Such friendship rarely, here on earth,
To human hearts is given:

A happier climate gives it birth,
Its home is found in heaven.

Then let us, Josephine, beware,
Nor trust an earthly blessing,
Secure a mansion in the skies,
A friendship worth possessing.

THE IDEAL WOMAN.

INSCRIBED TO S. MARGARET FULLER.

BY MORNA.

In the Future's shadowy distance
I can see a form arise,
Shedding rays of pure existence
From her spiritual eyes:
Heaven-upturned are they, and sunlike,
Shrinking not from keenest blaze,
Tho' her brow be calm and nunlike,
Calm as snow where moonlight plays.

In the light of self-reliance,
On her mission speedeth she,
Falsehood feels her soul's defiance,
From her presence turns to flee.
Now she moveth on serenely
Thro' the household's still domain,
Now a Sybil pale, yet queenly,
Beats her heart to victor strain.

Hymns of triumph born within her
From the beautiful in thought,
Tones that to the truthful win her
With a link devotion-wrought:

If she know not spirit-mating
Then she beareth maiden heart,
All its sweetness consecrating,
Vestal-like to dwell apart.

Not like Eden's Bride of Beauty,
Swerving to the tempter's lure,
She doth away the soul to duty,
To aspirations high and pure:
As upon Madonna's features,
Eyes of awe and prayer are bent,
To our gaze, of saintly teachers
Seemeth she the latest sent.

Oh, thou true Ideal Maiden!
Vision of the time to be,
Spirit-like, although arrayed in
Robe of pure humanity;
Well becometh such arraying
Steadfast soul, and noble mien,
When shall be thy hour of swaying?
Still "the Earth awaits her queen."

WOMAN AND LITERATURE.

THE elevation and purity of the moral tone of a nation may be pretty exactly estimated from the social position and influence enjoyed by women. The female character, in truth, embodies and represents a special portion of the qualities of humanity; and that portion, the most exalted and the least earthly. The deference paid to the sex and the control exercised by them, depend upon the extent to which those qualities have sway in the breasts of men. As natural energy and intellectual discernment are the masculine elements of the race, so those self-annihilating emotions and affections—that exquisiteness of virtuous sensibility—that secondary and transcendental consciousness—that form the spiritual in our constitution—are the priceless dowry which Providence gave with woman, when her loftier destiny was blended into eternal unity with our kind. In the civilization of modern Europe, it would be difficult to determine whether an increased reverence for woman was a result of the new religion, or a means providentially appointed for securing its reception; so identified in their progress have been these two sentiments. From the early days of Christianity, the mother and her child became the symbol of that faith and feeling which were to humanize the world; and from that central idea, as from a germ of diviner life, the whole system of catholic virtues expanded and flowered. When, at a later period, the forces of intellectual vigor, eager to expand into a brighter existence, gushed forth into imaginative art, the maternal relation and the domestic circle became the type of that mystic power which, rising from the ruins of Judea, had pervaded the earth with its transforming energy. The Madonna—that natural apotheosis of woman—is the permanent emblem of Christianity.

The American system, as it whirls onward in its mighty and amazing progress, is manifesting several new qualities of life and power, which give promise that the social condition ultimately to be realized in this country, will differ strikingly from any that has been exhibited in former times. Not the least observable of these are the change and advancement which have been worked out in the position of that sex which, whether for good or for evil, has always wrought

such memorable effects upon the world. The prominence and influence of women in their relation to society have passed into a more expanded phase of dignity, and operate in original methods and through novel channels. In European history, their action has been almost exclusively domestic, moral, invisible: among us, it has grown to be general, intellectual and obvious. They contribute largely to the force and direction of public opinion: their weight is felt in the action of the country: by a direct and palpable control, they affect the tone of the national mind and feeling. Alterations in the laws of a people are a sure sign of some antecedent modification in the circumstances of society, which they accommodate and register; and the legislation which, beginning at the east, has extended throughout most of the states of this Union, recognizing the increased independence and power of the wife, and giving protection to her interests, is one of the evidences of the social change which we allude to. Common-law principles have been broken up, because the conditions upon which those principles formed themselves have undergone variation. Naturally enough from our profession, the form in which this augmentation of female importance is most striking to us, is in the literature of the country. The extent to which women share the toils and the honors of literary production among us, is altogether unexampled in the records of any state. Look at any department that you please—except, of course, such as concern some special profession or craft, with which women necessarily are not conversant—and you will find that the proportion of works bearing feminine names upon their titles, is larger than in any other land, and in many instances exceeds that of their masculine rivals. In fiction—from its most substantial to its slightest shapes—in criticism, in politics—in the useful and in the elegant alike—those to whom it was once a rare and almost forbidden accomplishment even to read, now equal or excel that sex which formerly boasted that the pen was as exclusively its possession as the sword. The extent to which graceful forms mingle in the masquerade of the daily press, and the amount of power that thus emanates upon society from the purest sources,

would scarcely be believed by any who are not initiated in the mysteries of that secret fraternity. As to the inspiration of the muse, a volume of "Female Poets of America," has come out from the press of Carey and Hart, which, in quality as well as bulk, matches the "Poets and Poetry" of those who now find that they who once were the subjects, have at length become the teachers of their art.

The workings of all this upon the character and condition of our people, cannot but be admirable. In the present day, the literary class forms the great moral estate of a nation. The press is the grand medium through which the rays of mental and political and spiritual illumination and guidance stream forth upon the world. That so large a portion of the best and purest light which our nature has garnered up from the primal beam which shone upon it in the morning of creation, mingles in that pillar of fire which conducts us through the night of doubt and trial and danger, is the truest augury of the grandeur and elevation of our destiny.—American literature, at this moment, possesses far more genuineness, chasteness, simplicity and virtue than the literature of any European country which displays the same vitality and force. The presence of womanhood, pervading its life like a religion, has reproved and cleansed its spirit. The same power has acted like a solvent upon public taste: precipitating into neglect and disfavor all coarse and gross productions,

and leaving only the correct and good afloat. No authors among us, but such as have pursued upright and honest aims, and have promoted the interests of morality and refinement, have acquired a permanent reputation and popularity; and distant may the day be in which this shall be otherwise. The minds of our countrymen have been swayed towards many benignant reformations in society—schemes promotive of peace and justice and charity, and opposed to selfishness and violence, have been brought to bear upon the opinions and action of the people; and in all these things we may trace the operation of female sympathies, acting usually through the channels of the press. It must be observed, also, that literary habits on the part of women here, are not liable to the evils which sometimes attend them in Europe. In France and England, female authorship, being much rarer than with us, and being a good deal in opposition to the prejudices and tastes of the community, must be accompanied by a boldness of temper and a defiance of the public opinion, which reacts very injuriously upon the character of those who become subject to such an influence. But with us, the pen is so frequent and approved an ornament of hands which wear it as gracefully as they wear a bracelet or a ring, that the practice of composition does not form, to our common feelings, the faintest departure from the gentleness and delicacy of female reserve.

A GOOD DAUGHTER.

A good daughter! There are other ministers of love more conspicuous than she, but none in which the gentler, lovelier spirit dwells, and none to which the heart's warm requitals more joyfully respond. There is no such thing as a comparative estimate of a parent's love for one or another child. There is little which he needs to covet, to whom the treasure of a good child has been given. But a son's occupation and pleasure carry him abroad, and he resides more among temptations, which hardly permit affection that is following him perhaps over half the globe, to be unmingled with anxiety until the time when he comes to relinquish the shelter of his father's roof for one of his own; while a good daughter is the steady light of her parent's house.

Her ideal is indissolubly connected with that

of his happy fireside. She is his morning sunlight and evening star. The grace, vivacity and tenderness of her sex, have their place in the mighty sway which she holds over his spirit. The lessons of recorded wisdom which he reads with her eyes, come to his mind with a new charm as blended with the beloved melody of her voice. He scarcely knows weariness which her song doth not make him forget, or gloom which is proof against the young brightness of her smile. She is the pride and ornament of his hospitality, the gentle nurse of his sickness, and the constant agent of those nameless, numberless acts of kindness which one chiefly cares to have rendered because they are unpretending but expressive proofs of love.

ROBERT HALL AS A PREACHER AND WRITER.

BY REV. B. F. TEFFT, A. M.

THE most celebrated pulpit orator of the last and present century was the Rev. Robert Hall, of England. He was a minister of the Baptist denomination, but was universally admired by all sects of Christians, for his masterly eloquence in the pulpit, and for the elegance and dignity of his style as a writer.

Though always delicate in health, Mr. Hall had a large, round, full form, and was uncommonly graceful in his general appearance. His head was not so towering as that of Daniel Webster, nor was his forehead quite so broad and elevated. But he had the eye of an eagle. His look was keen and penetrating, and, to a weak man, it was perfectly impossible, without pain, to endure it. His mouth was remarkably expressive, and his whole countenance beamed with intellectual radiance.

In dress, without being at all finical, Mr. Hall was always neat and becoming. Though one of the most truly pious Christians of his day, he never thought it necessary to differ in his apparel from other gentlemen. There was a cleanliness, however, about him, which Mr. Wesley would have taken as one good evidence of his piety. When standing in the pulpit, he must have presented a very commanding and prepossessing figure. Strangers would be led to expect from his lips something corresponding to the elegant dignity of his person.

In the earlier part of his ministry, his audiences were, in this respect, frequently disappointed. The genuine modesty of his feelings would often unman his self-possession. On one occasion, being invited to preach to a select audience, for a particular purpose, he repeated his text with propriety, and proceeded with his discourse much to the delight and edification of his hearers; but, in a few moments, he began to hesitate, stammered, and was finally confounded by his embarrassment. He covered his face with his hands, and exclaimed, "I have lost all my ideas!" Finding himself utterly unable to collect them, he sat down in deep and lasting mortification for his failure.

The ultimate effect of such temporary dis-

grace was highly salutary to his character. Conscious of the liberal endowments with which nature had blessed him, he might otherwise have become vain and supercilious; but these repeated and humiliating failures, acting upon a mind of extraordinary sensibility, at length divested him of every foible of this description, and rendered him ever afterward as humble as he was great.

From his childhood he evinced uncommon precocity of talent. He was not born a genius, as the term has been defined by Mr. Coleridge; nor was he the least part of a prodigy, such as we are accustomed to witness in this country. He was only a child of great mental power. He learned to read, by the help only of his nurse, from the grave-stones of the public cemetery of Arnsby; and from that moment he began to devour books, as if they had been his food. Continuing to make the grave-yard his study, he would retire each day from the sports of his equals, spread his books on the clean grass, and then lie down and read them, until the shades of evening compelled him to retreat to the house.

At school and college, Mr. Hall was distinguished for his great industry. Being a very early riser, he would generally complete the tasks of the day before his class-mates had taken their breakfast. All his remaining hours he devoted to close reading. As an illustration of the kind of books he perused in his childhood, he is said to have made himself familiar with the profoundest works of our own Jonathan Edwards, and with Butler's Analogy of Religion, before he was nine years of age. His spare time at the university was spent in studying the Latin and Greek classics. Of the ancients, Plato was his favorite author, and next to him, Sophocles and Homer, the two master poets of antiquity.

His admiration of the classics may, indeed, be regarded as a prominent trait in his mental character. Their severe and refined taste, sound thoughts, and manly style, were very likely to command the attention of a mind more

like the best Greek or Roman model, than perhaps any other of modern times. The same studies which kindled and kept alive the genius of twenty centuries—which revived the literary flame of Italy, and afterward of Europe, prior to the Reformation—which gave being to the majesty of Milton, to the splendor of Pope, to the sweetness of Addison, and to the high qualities of all the leading intellects of the old and new world, imparted, also, to Robert Hall the high finish of that noble and powerful eloquence, whose echo is yet ringing, and the remembrance of which will never die. Without this classical training, he might have stood high as a man of native endowments; but, with his mighty impulses, there would probably have been a certain rawness of taste, and a kind of boisterous and inflated manner of expression, which hardly any thing than the classics can more effectually remove.

There is one fact of his history, not yet noticed, which I have never seen recorded of any other man. A long time after he had completed his academical studies, and had been for several years preaching the Gospel with the greatest success, he resolved to begin anew the work of his education, and pursue it with the same system and completeness, as if he never had had any advantages of this kind. Indeed, he very much enlarged the circle of his ambition. It was now to include the substance of every thing worth knowing, as the sciences were understood and taught in his day. Whether he derived this conception from the universality of knowledge, so conspicuous in several of his Greek models, or from his warm appreciation of Bacon's sublime genius, and the frequent perusal of the famous *Augmentation of the Sciences* of that philosopher, we have now no means of deciding. But one thing is certain: he prosecuted his new plan of study to the latest period of his life; and from the day of his undertaking it, he was a stronger and a loftier man.

Another fact, characteristic of his temper, is almost equally rare in the history of great men. Whenever, in the progress of his studies, it became expedient or desirable to read any book written in a language which he had not yet acquired, with the ardor of fifteen, he dropped every unnecessary avocation, and threw his whole soul into the work of removing the impediment from his way. In this manner, and for this reason, he mastered the four great languages of modern Europe, and made himself

conversant with the best thoughts of the best authors of every age. In a very few years, after this practice was begun, his mind became a perfect cabinet of gems; and, to those who, in after life, could appreciate his acquisitions, not only the outside, but the very penetralia of his soul, flashing under the radiance of his own native genius, seemed to be lighted up with a splendor almost too dazzling to behold.

But Mr. Hall was not a showy man. He spent not his time in plucking flowers, and stringing pearls, and uttering pretty words merely to be admired. He had great depth, grandeur, and solidity of mind. He dealt almost entirely in great thoughts, and sublime principles, and profound facts. According to the enlightened testimony of his class-mate at college, Sir James M'Intosh, who ever afterward continued to be his warm admirer and friend, Mr. Hall was the ablest metaphysician of his age. Dr. Gregory also declares, that he followed the track of Maclaurin, Barrow, and Sir Isaac Newton, in their celebrated mathematical treatises, and was never satisfied unless he could comprehend both the analysis and synthesis of every proposition, as it passed under his view. He was no shop-keeper of a scholar, arraying his possessions in the most eligible manner for the public eye. His mind, so magnificent by nature, and well stored by art, notwithstanding what I have just said of him, might, with more justice, be styled a kind of temple of human knowledge. The entrance to it was marked by two majestic columns—strength and beauty—both equally characteristic of the treasures within; and the jewels gathered from the literary world were more like the chain of pomegranates suspended transversely from the capitals of Jachin and Boaz, as a chaste ornament to the passage-way into the great temple of old.

It requires no great stretch of imagination for any one to anticipate what sort of a sermon such a man would preach. His text would be deep, beautiful, or sublime. Whichever it happened to be, the facility of his genius would immediately adapt him to his work. If his path lay down in the profounder depths of Christianity, he would tread along its obscure windings with the fearlessness and majesty of a giant. If a beautiful or lofty thought was presented in his subject, he had a fancy capable of sustaining him in the highest flights. If the topics presenting themselves were merely argumentative, or didactic, he never permitted himself to fly

into a passion, and let his imagination or feelings carry off his logic. He could preach an entire sermon without manifesting any considerable emotion. He could pass along a whole chain of reasoning, and remain all the while as cool as a philosopher in his study. But other styles suited his temperament better. He was naturally impetuous in his feelings; but what I wish to say is, that he never suffered them, even in his most impassioned passages, to push him off into boisterousness and bombast. He always kept himself under the most perfect self-control. The mightiest bursts of his eloquence were always chastened and subdued. His voice never broke, his gestures were always graceful, and nothing of extravagance, of rant, or roughness, was ever for a moment exhibited in his style.

With all his knowledge, he was not a pedant. He was not one of those historical preachers, who, in a single sermon, will deliver out a whole volume of facts in history, mostly illustrating the extent and variety of their reading. He knew full well how easy it is for the most ordinary and unsanctified intellect to get up a reputation in this manner. It requires only diligence in reading, and good memory, to do it. The knowledge of Mr. Hall, wonderful as it was, was coy and modest. In all his published discourses, a critical reader will barely be able to get here and there a glimpse of his acquisitions, and that only in spite of his efforts to conceal them.

Mr. Hall generally commenced his discourse by a few very plain statements, delivered in a low, feeble tone. His voice was naturally light, and the entire introduction of a sermon would be only just audible to the larger part of his congregation. His first sentences were apt also to be rather broken, and every stranger to his eloquence, for the first five or ten minutes, suffered a degree of painful disappointment. After the exordium, he laid out his work in the most artless manner. You saw what he would be at rather by implication, or, to use one of his own expressions, by the light which he threw on the angles of his thoughts, than by any direct and elaborate division of his theme. In this way, he reserved to himself more liberty for invention when his passions had kindled up his soul; and he also incurred less mortification, if his imperial imagination should, by any means, sway him from his original design.

But, though this might have been prudent for a man who knew what risks he ran, not from the weakness, but the strength of his faculties,

the precaution was seldom if ever needed after all. His reason was the commanding power of his mind; and his imagination and passions, subdued and chastened by an inexorable taste, continually looked to it for their law.

The argument of his subject was always undertaken in a very cool and deliberate way. Here, as always, reason took the lead. As the great points began to be developed, and an intellectual interest in the matter was excited, a more rapid utterance, and a more forcible style of expression, evinced the kindling fervor of his soul. His phosphoric imagination, true to itself and to the power that gave it liberty to burn, glowed with an increasing ardor, as it felt the growing heat of the mind. Soon, when the speaker had reached his master point, every faculty of his mighty intellect was rallied; and from that onward, till the last word of the peroration, his audience sits breathless and amazed by the overwhelming splendor of his style. His reasoning remains as sound and unanswerable as before. His memory, in revenge for the restraint laid on it until then, confirms the argument by facts rapidly adduced from the four quarters of the literary world. His imagination, equally restive under control, and equally joyous in the freedom given, perfectly revels in its work, and throws coruscations of light, and wreathes of resplendent beauty, on and around every thing in its way. The whole person of the preacher—his head, face, eyes, arms, hands, and his very feet, are full to overflowing with the inspiration and glory of his theme. When he sits down, you remain bound by a spell to your seat; and when all is over, for months and years afterward, whenever you revert to the scene, you are again in the midst of it, and the rockets of that exhibition of intellectual fireworks are again shooting, and dancing, and blazing on every side.

The well-known Mr. Foster, who has given us a short but elaborate sketch of Mr. Hall as a preacher, assures the world that, in all this astonishing excitement, physical and mental, he was never known to transgress the severest rules of good taste. Every thing in his style, though round and full to perfection, was just and correct. The hearer was not less amazed by the overpowering strength and fervidness of his address, than that any man could pass through such a tempest of passion, without losing for a moment his rigid self-control. But the secret was familiar to his friends. It lay in the un-

commonly strict discipline of his mind. "It is probable," says Mr. Foster, "that if his studies had been of slighter tenor—if his reading had been less, or more desultory—if his faculties had been suffered to run more loose, his discourses would have more abounded with ideas starting out, as it were, singly, with an aspect like nothing ever seen before. His mental ground was cultivated too industriously and regularly for substantial produce, to leave room for those often beautiful wild flowers which spring spontaneously in a fertile, half-wrought soil." But there is also another fact not here adverted to by this keen observer of his friend.

Mr. Hall's sermons were perfectly wrought out in his own mind before he attempted to deliver them. He carried no manuscript, nor brief, nor even scrap, into the pulpit. But the whole train of his thoughts and illustrations, and sometimes his very words, were accurately arranged in his mind. When he rose to speak, he had only to set his intellectual machinery at work, and then everything proceeded according to the laws prescribed and established by himself in a more reflecting hour. Whenever he appeared in the pulpit, his audience could assure themselves that he had something to say; and when the sermon was concluded, they felt thankful that they had not been listening to the sudden, crude, and perhaps but half correct conceptions of the moment; but they carried away with them the settled convictions of a great mind, carefully scrutinized and approved, and laid them up for future use in the secret treasures of the soul.

There is one objection started by Mr. Foster against the sermons of his friend, which, instead of detracting from his merits, will give him an increased reputation with a large portion of the world. It is the charge of extravagance in his exhibitions of the privileges and capabilities of the Christian character. It seems that the great orator, in the more fervid portions of his discourses, would expatiate with singular enthusiasm and delight on the wonderful power of true faith. He would picture, in the most glowing colors, the happiness of a life on earth, when the soul is absorbed in divine love. With rapt eloquence he would unfold the mysteries of the blissful reign of the Messiah, and surround every genuine Christian, whose heart was indeed the temple of the Lord, with almost the splendors of the upper world. Being but half a believer, as he says himself, in the old and

now obsolete doctrine of decrees, or rather not believing in them at all, he was prepared to offer the whole Gospel to his hearers, and to promise almost a heaven this side of heaven to those who would perfectly comply with its terms.

The character of Mr. Hall as a writer can be sufficiently indicated in few words. Nearly every thing I have said of him as a preacher, might be justly repeated in respect of his style. His written sermons differ from the judgments reported to us of the extemporaneous discourses, not so much in their substance and matter, as in the rhetorical dress in which they are attired. It was a cold business for Mr. Hall to write. The moment he exchanged the pulpit for the pen, in one important particular, he was another man. He immediately lost his more popular qualities, and fell into a certain stateliness and grandeur of expression, which is the farthest possible from being adapted to the common mind. But there is a good apology for him, not mentioned by Mr. Foster. In his day, and even afterward, in England, the common people were not readers. This business was reserved exclusively for those of leisure, and the learned. Speaking and writing, therefore, were, as Mr. Hall undoubtedly perceived, very different things. When he spoke, he was addressing himself to the many—when he wrote, to the few. But, with all this abatement, he has been pronounced, by Sir James M'Intosh, his friend, and by Lord Brougham—an aspirant for the same kind of fame—the best writer in our language of his class. His writing is chaste, pure, elegant, and dignified. His periods flow along like a grand and overflowing stream.—There is nothing sparkling, and leaping, and prattling, like the course of a streamlet, in his style. His sentences, as English, are more like those of Livy in Latin, than any writer's I have read. There is not the life, and vivacity, and sweetness, and versatility of matter and manner in his works, which so charm the classical reader in the best productions of the Athenian muse. Nor has he the turgid Latinity of Johnson, to give his periods a great sound and swell. Every thing is purely Saxon. Nor have I ever been able to see why an American professor, the author of a popular book of rhetoric, should have classed him with Dr. Channing. They have certainly no feature in common, but a certain dignity of thought, which is evident in nothing so little as in any supposed similarity of

style. One carries the length, the other the brevity of sentences, to the last verge of safety, of naturalness, and of ease.

But from the history of this great man there is an important moral to be drawn. Properly reflected upon, it may be of more use to the reader than any thing I have said. It cannot, it need not be denied, that, in early life, Mr. Hall was far from being distinguished for those amiable qualities, which afterward spread such a charm round his name. From his childhood, he was passionately headstrong, impatient of control. Even after he had finished his college studies, and entered upon the great duties of his profession, there was a tartness, sometimes a satirical bitterness in his retorts, and even in his ordinary conversation, which must have rendered him a very disagreeable companion at that time. His enemies have also charged him with manifesting contempt for his Bristol colleague, Dr. Evans, whose talents bore no comparison to the genius of young Hall. Not only the preachers, but their church members, were divided, in consequence of the misunderstanding thus begun. Frequent collisions of a similar character continued, for several years, to embitter his feelings, and impede his success. But the good Dr. Ryland, under God, had the happiness of completely eradicating this root of bitterness from the heart of his young friend. He sent

him several faithful letters. He told him plainly of his faults, and warned him of his danger.—Did the young preacher resent this reproof? If any youth should happen to read this question, let him answer to himself what he would have done. What Mr. Hall did is fortunately on record. It is a model for all. He read Dr. Ryland's letters with great care. He reflected seriously on his temper. When he saw his errors, he allowed the shaft of conviction to sink to its own depth into his soul. He resolved to amend his life. He sent his resolution to his kind reprover. With his characteristic ardor, he undertook this moral reformation, as if it had been the only business on his hands. The result is well known. From that period he was one of the most amiable of men. His humility almost took possession of the opposite extreme. His life teaches us, not to suffer ourselves to visit the errors of a young man upon his riper years, unless we have the clearest evidence that he yet cherishes them in his heart. He may have become as much alive to his failings as yourself. Forgive his faults, as you wish to be forgiven for your own; and, whenever a parent gets discouraged over the profligacy, or other ill promise of a favorite son, whatever else of our theme may be forgotten, let him or her remember the encouraging and illustrious example of the Rev. Robert Hall.

HOME.

BY EDWIN HERIOT.

DEAR are the joys of childhood's home,
Sweet the domestic scene,
Where no temptations rudely come,
Nor dangers intervene.
Its pleasing, simple charms are lost
In dissipation's strife,
When man, estranged, is roughly tossed
On the ocean waves of Life.

The dark abodes of sin and vice
With luring pleasures blind,
But these are bought at the sacrifice
Of health and peace of mind.

The taunt, the sneer, the idle jest,
The world's tumultuous din,
Drown, with the doubts of the anxious breast,
The voice that speaks within.

Abroad, temptation spreads his net,
Entrapping in its folds
The feet of hapless youth, and fast
Its victim firmly holds.
Home is the pure and sacred shrine
True blessings to impart,
Where virtue, love, and peace combine
To purify the heart.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

BY BENJ. F. TAYLOR.

WHEN wrapt in chains, the sons of Israel stood,
Sublime in anguish, there they turned to God.
For them no clarion rang the rescue peal—
No banner waved—no lightning from the steel
To melt the Horeb heart or rive the chain,
E'er flashed a hope along that gloomy plain!

That very hour, on Egypt's dreamy Nile,
Where truant waters rocked it on their way,
And softly trolled a reedy tune the while,
The Prophet foundling in his cradle lay.
There slept the champion of a million slaves,
Who heaped a highway, walled it round with waves,
And "heaved an ocean" o'er a million graves.
There slept the nameless child, to whom 'twas given
To be the jurist of the court of Heaven—
Translate the thunders of the Mount—enchain
The car of tyrants—lead the trembling train
Triumphant through, and waft the Miriam-chime,
The Pilgrim password on, from clime to clime!

No Nile was that whose dusky mirror mocked
The maiden's smile, where Lotus fleets unfurled,
But gray Atlantic's wildest billow, rocked
The Mayflower cradle of a mightier world!
No reedy murmurs lulled it to repose—
Within its bosom bent no heaven of stars,
But Winter melted into tears that froze,
And tempests wailed around dismantled spars!
No pillar'd flame to colonnade their way,
No God-wrought banner waved the wanderers on,
But feeble stars that mocked the feeble day,
And mantled whirlwinds met their gaze alone.
The breath that reft the pulses of the old Red Main,
Did cleave no path for them along the deep;
No keel could trace the wake they made, again:
No written record doth old Ocean keep.

They knelt at last on Plymouth's desert rock—
No princely sceptre could that fount unlock!
But who, oh! who, among the Pilgrim band
In that dark hour, could wield the Prophet's wand?
At whose live touch, the time-lock'd spring should
E'en from the Horeb of that granite heart, [start,
And through the wild and gloom where'er it flowed,
Glad hearths should glow—glad altars rise to God!
That pathless winter and those voiceless streams—
That forest anthem they had heard in dreams—
That Ocean paling as it touched the shore—
That home behind them—and this home before!
Lo! the red shadows gliding from the gloom,
As sure and silent as the final doom;
And hark! the cry that quivers to the breast
And freezes there! The shaft can do the rest!

Around those fires that crouch beneath the blast,
Or spire to listen as its thunders passed,

The pilgrims' mantled forms are gathered now;
Front hath no seal for tears, and tears do flow.
A dread, uncounted Form had crossed the deep,
And there a loved one lay, in breathless sleep.
They made her grave, they said—that simple band!
The youthful Pilgrim passed to "Promised Land."
Their hearths are drifted—ashes white as snow—
The sacred circle of the hearth-light riven;
Like drops of rain that glittered in the Bow,
And fell to earth—they'll meet again—in Heaven!
For this, "they dared the timid bark to urge,
To startled Nature's farthest, faintest verge;"
To lift the curtains trailing dim afar,
From western waves—to stay them with a star,
And show the Old, discordant with alarms,
A New World sleeping in Creation's arms.
For this, they left the green and golden vale,—
For this, they plumed the Mayflower pinions frail—
For this, they gave a land that God had made
Home by the living—Heaven by the dead!

When Freedom's self, last of the angel train,
Had fled the mart and wandered o'er the main,
Had sought the mountain cave—the desert den,
The howling wild, untamed, untrod by men;
The Gothic arches of the dim old wood;
Had furled her wings and stood alone with God!
Replumed that pinion—faltering in her flight,
And bade a homeless world a long "Good-night!"
And did they dare, who drifted with a "Flower,"
Torn from the tree and withered in an hour,
To grasp, with feeble hand, her starry train,
And bid receding day stand still again?
Baptize a World in Freedom's sacred name,
A land alone, that could no kindred claim;
O'er it emerging, banner'd night unfurled,
To wrap that mantle round the infant world?
Stand sponsors for the Founding of the sea,
That now as then, forever should be free!
They dared, and did in feebleness achieve,
What banner'd armies never dared conceive.

The rugged sculpture of New England hills,
Transferred its carvings to their souls sublime;
The wildest freedom of New England rills,
A glorious emblem of the Pilgrim time.
Had God's own clearings smiled where forests
frowned,
And prairie seas lay calmed where clouds had
crowned
The frozen billows of the mountain chain,
The world, to-day, would seek their graves in vain.
"The Mayflower band"—thus had the record stood,
"The last, great offering to the 'Unknown God!'"
The Bond had wept his hopes in ruin hurled,
The Free, their birth-right—Liberty, a world;

The archives of all time, their brightest page;
And Freedom languished till a later age.

Not *thus*, but there they learned to suffer and to do,
Where dangers thronged the threshold of the New—
No fortress but her hills, the forest and the flood,
No court but Heaven, and no king but God;
No shield but Faith—no blade but temper'd Truth,

'Mid garner'd winters rose the prayer of Ruth:
"We bring our offering, Liberty, to thee—
A world abandoned for a *wild with thee!*
Where'er thou goest, pilgrims with thee, there;
With thee we'll dwell, whatever may betide;
With thee we'll die—for thee our latest prayer—
Thy God be ours—we have no God beside!"

THE MAN WHO WAS BORN WITH A FORTUNE.

BY ONE OF HIS PUPILS.

EVERY body has read the story of "the man that carried his own bundle," how egregiously people were mistaken, what he proved to be, and all about him, but we venture to assert that nobody ever heard the story of the man who was born with a fortune.

In the county of Otsego and the State of New York, lived the subject of this sketch. Were we writing a poem, we should call him a "hero;" but as we assay nothing but plain, prosaic truth, we are debarred the license. No matter what name his mother called him by, for in fact he *had* none until he made it himself, some twenty years ago, and at this present writing, he is at least forty-five. Our lady readers may perhaps desire to know how he looked, and all we can say, is, that he never looked—without *seeing* something, which is more than can be said of the world generally. In his boyhood, he wore tow-frocks, and wore them pretty badly, too, for that matter; read little poetry, never saw a magazine till he was twenty-one; but he knew how to mow a swath, make a stack, and take care of "stock," as well as the best of them. When a mere lad, he ascertained the great fact that he was not born to be a machine all his days, but that some how or other, he was an intelligent being, destined to do something, that wheels, shafts and levers could not effect, and the idea haunted him like a spectre. From daylight to sunset was he engaged in the field, or the forest, in the *ignoble* occupations of plowing, reaping, hewing or splitting.

The consequence of all this, was a very brown face, and very broad, brown hands, with fingers as far from the aristocratic taper as can well be imagined. Every alternate evening after the labors of the day were done, and the other

members of the family had retired to rest, he was accustomed to kindle certain strips of birch bark, and arranging them in the fire-place, lie down upon the hearth, and the "ama' hour ayant the twal" not unfrequently found him an humble disciple of old Murray, of a dilapidated copy of whose statutes, he was the happy possessor. On the following night, you might have seen him, had you looked, trudging off two weary miles to recite that lesson in English Grammar to an aged clergyman, who kindly volunteered to instruct him.

Week after week, and month after month thus passed—that is, months of evenings—until all the elementary branches, in their turn, had been thoroughly mastered. Now there may be nothing very romantic, and something very strange in all this, but at the same time, it is all very true, though, as will be seen in the sequel, he was born with a fortune. Meanwhile the earth kept turning, and reeled off time at no small rate. Sixteen years from the day he became a son, he was figuring as school master in his own district, and received the enormous sum of thirty-seven and one-half cents per day, precisely, "board round" at that, which sum, however, contributed not a farthing to his own private fortune, for his father appropriated the avails, the "boy" not yet being out of his time.

Finally, the magic number "21" came round, and our school-master was at liberty to go where he listed, the only difficulty being, that he had no place to go to. Having a fortune, as has already been intimated, he determined to obtain a liberal education, and for that purpose, to become a member of some collegiate institution. As it is fashionable to describe the apparel of heroes, it may not be amiss to make an invento-

ry of his goods and chattels at the time when he conceived the laudable idea of making something of himself.

Two suits of clothes, one for special occasions, and one for the baser uses of "every-day wear and tear." The material whereof they were composed, was nothing less than the wool that whil'om decorated and comforted the broad backs of certain English sheep, constituting, in part, the tenantry of his father's farm.

His good mother had done the manufacturing, and, to her praise be it spoken, she had given the cloth a delectable snuff color. Her own shears had been put into requisition, and such a fit as she made, especially of the coats, would have thrown "Beau Brummel" into convulsions. Of two pairs of shoes, also, did he possess the sole and exclusive right, and any body to have seen them, would have exclaimed, *sole*, and "nothing else."

One pair of these shoes was set apart for extraordinary occasions, as could have been readily seen upon a vory slight examination; for although they were both made of substantial "cow hide," yet the most superficial observer would not fail to perceive that one pair was "bound," and that the strings were of cotton tape, a distinction that was not vouchsafed to their plebeian cotemporaries. His hat, for he had one, and *but* one, was what was called, in vulgar phrase, a "wool hat," with a marvellously wide brim, and a wonderfully low crown, slightly *belled* in the upper regions.

In the way of funds, he possessed all and singular, ten silver dollars, which sum was the amount realized from the sale of a certain sheep and its offspring, which had been given to him by an uncle, for the privilege of naming him.

Thus equipped, a staff from his father's woods being his only patrimony, for we have omitted to say, that he held his fortune in his own right—*hand*, a few old books, a pair of blue cotton handkerchiefs, with stars in them; several pairs of good, warm woollen socks, a few articles of wearing apparel, facetiously called "linen," never forgetting that particular suit and those special shoes, he set forth, bundle in hand, over the bleak hills of Otsego, for C——, wherein H—— College is situated.

Once there, his money was quickly expended for Grammars, Lexicons and text books, but in thirty-six weeks, he was prepared to enter the Freshman class in college. A great day was that to him, and great sport did his new class-

mates anticipate, with "the green one in the snuff-colored suit."

Some people, as the saying is, are "born with a silver spoon in their mouths;" and our Otsego boy was one of them, for a few days after his entrance into college, he was duly inaugurated and entered upon the duties of a *professorship*. Yes, gentle reader, the *professorship* of—"dust and ashes," which, in plain English, signifies that he swept the halls, kindled the fires, rang the bell and did other like contemptible things, which are tolerated in refined society only because absolutely necessary. Indeed, it was currently reported that he was seen by some early riser, milking the President's cow! This vulgar business was, of course, duly commented upon, in those polite circles where they condescended to make him the subject of conversation at all; and when it was generally understood that he was in the *habit* of doing this, in consideration of certain privileges to which he was admitted three times a day, and which have been deemed by most people as quite pleasant, besides being necessary to the support of life, the contempt was, if possible, more profound than ever. Had he only been an *amateur* milker, or, like the bell-ringer of St. Michael's, merely did it for exercise! But, alas! it was from necessity, and necessity is so vulgar!

Time kept moving, and at last four years brought our hero to the close of his collegiate course, the best scholar in the Institution, and the valedictorian of 18—— well, no matter about the precise year, but at all events, when A. M. did not mean *Magister Asinorum*, as is not unfrequently the case in these latter days.

Let a few years more elapse, and the friendless farmer's boy is occupying a Professor's chair (not of dust and ashes this time) in that same college, whose halls he had once traversed, a friendless, and almost despised pupil—occupying it, too, with credit to himself and honor to his *alma mater*, and all this because he was—*born with a fortune*.

The Kidd Salvage Company was not then organized; California was *terra incognita* to the million. He was the master of his own two hands, the possessor of that great misnomer, Common Sense, and the owner of a heart beating with a high and noble purpose, that no disappointment could chill and no delay could sicken.

His FORTUNE was vested in a strong and manly HEART.

THE FORCE OF LOVE.

AGANIPPUS, king of Argos, dying without heirs male, bequeathed his throne to his only daughter, the beautiful and beloved Daphles. This female succession was displeasing to a nobleman who held large possessions on the frontiers; and he came for the first time towards the court, not to pay his respects to the new queen, but to give her battle. Doracles (for that was his name) was not much known by the people. He had distinguished himself for as jealous an independence as a subject could well assume; and though he had been of use in repelling invasion during the latter years of the king, had never made his appearance to receive his master's thanks personally. A correspondence however was understood to have gone on between him and several noblemen about the court; and there were those who, in spite of his inattention to popularity, suspected that it would go hard with the young queen, when the two armies came face to face.

But neither these subtle statesmen, nor the ambitious young soldier Doracles, were aware of the effects to be produced by a strong personal attachment. The young queen, amiable as she was beautiful, had involuntarily baffled his expectations from her courtiers, by exciting in the minds of some a real disinterested regard, while others nourished a hope of sharing her throne instead. At least, they speculated upon becoming each the favorite minister; and held it a better thing to reign under that title and a charming mistress, than be the servants of a master wilful and domineering. By the people she was adored; and when she came riding out of her palace on the morning of the fight, with an unaccustomed spear standing up in its rest by her side, her diademed hair flowing a little off into the wind, her face paler than usual, but still tinted with its roses, and a look in which confidence in the love of her subjects and tenderness for the wounds they were going to encounter, seemed to contend for the expression;—the shout which they sent up would have told a stouter heart than a traitor's that the royal charmer was secure.

The queen, during the conflict, remained in a tent upon an eminence, to which the younger

leaders vied who should spur up their smoking horses to bring her good news from time to time. The battle was short and bloody. Doracles soon found that he had miscalculated his point; and all his skill and resolution could not set the error to rights. It was allowed, that if either courage or military talent could entitle him to the throne, he would have had a right to it; but the popularity of Daphles supplied her cause with all the ardor which a lax state of subjection on the part of the more powerful nobles might have denied it. When her troops charged, or made any other voluntary movement, they put all their hearts into their blows; and when they were compelled to await the enemy, they stood as inflexible as walls of iron. It was like hammering upon metal statuary; or staking their fated horses upon spears riveted in stone. Doracles was taken prisoner. The queen, reissuing from her tent, crowned with laurel, came riding down the eminence, and remained at the foot with her generals, while the prisoners were taken by. Her pale face kept as royal a countenance of composed pity as she could manage, while the commoner rebels passed along, aching with their wounded arms fastened behind, and shaking back their bloody and blinding locks for want of a hand to part them. But the blood mounted to her cheeks, when the proud and handsome Doracles, whom she now saw for the first time, blushed deeply as he cast a glance at his female conquerer, and then stepped haughtily along, handling his gilded chains as if they were an indifferent ornament. "I have conquered him," thought she: "it is a heavy blow to so proud a head; and as he looks not unamiable, it might be politic as well as courteous and kind in me to turn his submission into a more willing one." Alas! pity was helping admiration to a kinder set of offices than the generous hearted queen suspected. The captive went to his prison, a conqueror after all; for Daphles loved him.

The second night, after having exhibited in her manners a strange mixture of joy and seriousness, and signified to her counsellors her intention of setting the prisoner free, she released him with her own hands. Many a step did she

hesitate as she went down the stairs; and when she came to the door, she shed a full, but soft, and as it seemed to her, a wilful and refreshing flood of tears, humbling herself for her approaching task. When she had entered she blushed deeply, and then turning as pale, stood for a moment silent and without motion. She then said, "Thy queen, Doracles, has come to show thee how kindly she can treat a great and gallant subject, who did not know her; and with these words, and almost before she was aware, the prisoner was released and preparing to go. He appeared surprised, but not off his guard, nor in any temper to be over grateful. "Name," said he, "O queen, the conditions on which I depart, and they will be faithfully kept." Daphles moved her lips, but they spoke not. She waved her head and hand with a deadly smile, as if freeing him from all conditions; and he was turning to go, when she fell senseless to the floor. The haughty warrior raised her with more impatience than good will. He could guess at love in a woman, but he had but a mean opinion of both it and her sex; and the deadly struggle in the heart of Daphles did not help him to distinguish the romantic passion which had induced her to put all her past and virgin notions of love into his person, from the commonest liking that might flatter his soldierly vanity.

The queen, on awakening from her swoon, found herself compelled, in very justice to the intensity of a true passion, to explain how pity had brought it upon her. "I might ask it," said she, "Doracles, in return;" and here she resumed something of her queen-like dignity; "but I feel that my modesty will be sufficiently saved by the name of your wife; and a substantial throne, with a promise that nothing shall perplex or interfere with thee, I do now accordingly offer—not as the condition of thy freedom, but as a diversion of men's eyes and thoughts from what they will think ill in me, if they find me rejected." And in getting out that hard word, her voice faltered a little, and her eyes filled with tears.

Doracles, with the best grace his lately defeated spirit could assume, spoke in willing terms of accepting her offer. They left the prison; and his full pardon being proclaimed, the courtiers, with feasts and entertainments, vied who should seem best to approve their mistress's choice; for so they were quick to understand it. The late captive, who was really

as graceful and accomplished as a proud spirit would let him be, received and returned all their attention in princely sort; and Daphles was beginning to hope that he might turn a glad eye upon her some day, when news was brought her that he had gone from court, nobody knew whither. The next intelligence was too certain. He had passed the frontiers, and was leaguely with her enemies for another struggle.

From that day, gladness, though not kindness, went out of the face of Daphles. She wrote him a letter without a word of reproach in it, enough to bring back the remotest heart that had the least spark of sympathy; but he only answered in a spirit which showed that he regarded the deepest love but as a wanton trifle. That letter touched her kind wits. She had had a paper drawn up, leaving him her throne in case she should die; but some of her ministers, availing themselves of her enfeebled spirit, had summoned a meeting of the nobles, at which she was to preside in the dress she wore on the day of victory; the sight of which, it was thought, with the arguments which they meant to use, would prevail upon the assembly to urge her to a revocation of the bequest. Her women dressed her, while she was almost unconscious of what they were doing, for she had now begun to fade quickly, body as well as mind. They put on her the white garments edged with silver waves, in remembrance of the stream of Inachus, the founder of the Argive monarchy; the spear was brought out, to be stuck by the side of the throne, instead of the sceptre; and their hands prepared to put the same laurel on her head, which bound its healthy white temples, when she sat on horseback, and saw the prisoner go by. But at sight of its twisted and withered green, she took it in her hand; and looking about her in her chair with an air of momentary recollection, began picking it, and letting the leaves fall upon the floor. She went on thus, leaf after leaf, looking vacantly downwards; and when she had stripped the circle half round, she leaned her cheek against the side of her sick chair; and, shutting her eyes quietly, so died.

The envoys from Argos, went to the court of Calydon, where Doracles then was; and bringing him the diadem upon a black cushion, informed him at once of the death of the queen, and her nomination of him to the throne. He showed little more than a ceremonious gravity

at the former news; but could ill contain the joy at the latter, and set off instantly to take possession. Among the other nobles who feasted him, was one who, having been the particular companion of the late king, had become like a second father to his unhappy daughter. The new prince observing the melancholy which he scarcely affected to repress, and seeing him look up occasionally at a picture which had a veil over it, asked him what the picture was that seemed to disturb him so, and why it was veiled. "If it be the portrait of the late king," said Doracles, "pray think me worthy of doing honor to it, for he was a noble prince. Unveil it, pray. I insist upon it. What! am I not worthy to look upon my predecessors, Phorbas?" And at these words, he frowned impatiently. Phorbas, with a trembling hand, but not for want of courage, withdrew the black covering, and the portrait of Daphles, in all her youth and beauty, flashed upon the eyes of Doracles. It was not a melancholy face. It was drawn before misfortune had touched it, and sparkled with a blooming beauty, in which animal spirits and good nature contended for predominance. Doracles paused, and seemed struck. "The possessor of that face," said he, inquiringly, "could never have been so sorrowful, as I have heard?" "Pardon me, Sir," answered Phorbas; "I was as another father to her, and knew all." "It cannot be," returned the prince. The old man begged his other guests to withdraw awhile, and then told Doracles how many fond and despairing things the queen had said of him, both before her wits began to fail and after. "Her wits to fail!" murmured the king: "I

have known what it is to feel almost a mad impatience of the will; but I knew not that these—gentle creatures, women, could feel for such a trifle." Phorbas brought out the laurel-crown, and told him how it was that the half of it became bare. The impatient blood of Doracles mounted, but not in anger, to his face; and breaking up the party, he requested that the picture might be removed to his own chamber, promising to return it.

A whole year however did he keep it; and as he had no foreign enemies to occupy his time, nor was disposed to enter into the common sports of peace, it was known that he spent the greatest part of his time, when he was not in council, in the room where the picture hung. In truth, the image of the once-smiling Daphles haunted him wherever he went; and to ease himself of the yearning of wishing her alive again and seeing her face, he was in the habit of being with it as much as possible. His self-will turned upon him even in that gentle shape.—Millions of times did he wish back the loving author of his fortunes, whom he had treated with so clownish an ingratitude; and millions of times did the sense of the impotence of his wish run up in red hurry to his cheeks, and help to pull them into a gaunt melancholy. But this is not a repaying sorrow to dwell upon. He was one day, after being in vain expected at council, found lying madly on the floor of the room, dead. He had torn the portrait from the wall. His dagger was in his heart; and his cheek lay upon that blooming and smiling face, which had it been living, would never have looked so at being revenged.

HEART MUSIC.

THIS beautiful prayer must have been breathed from Barry Cornwall's heart, while sitting at his quiet fireside, looking into the face of his sweet wife, and rocking the cradle of his "golden-tressed Adelaide:"

Touch us gently, Time!
Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently—as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream!
Humble voyagers are we,
Husband, wife and children three—

(One is lost—an angel fled
To the azure overhead!)

Touch us gently, Time!
We've not proud or soaring wings;
Our ambition, our content,
Lies in simple things.
Humble voyagers are we,
O'er life's dim, unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime:
Touch us gently, gentle Time!

LOVE OF FLOWERS.

WHY should we dwell on this elegant resource, for the cultivation of which the rural residence would seem to offer peculiar if not exclusive facilities, were it not to deplore the fact, as we have often done, that in our country the pursuit of the "almighty dollar," and the habitual restlessness and anticipation of change that characterize our people, would appear to forbid encouragement of tastes that every one admits to be at once the signs and the promoters of civilization.

If anywhere more than another in the United States, the population is more stable and more cultivated, it is in Boston—

"Where mortals dare
To vanquish nature, and correct the air."

And there it is that we see the cultivation of fruits and flowers carried to the highest perfection. For this high honor, the community is indebted to a more diffusive and a higher grade of education; and, availing of that, to the enlightened exertions and beneficent influence of the Horticultural Society of Massachusetts, animated and directed by such men as Dearborn and Marshall. Strange, and lamentable as strange, however, it must be admitted, that in many parts of our country, there exists in the towns more of this evidence of refinement which flowers afford, *than in the country*. In many of our cities may be seen a greater variety of shrubbery and flowers, on little spaces of a few square feet, than is to be found on thousands of farms of several hundred acres, and that too where there are—what we would hardly infer—ladies in the farm houses! How much to be deplored, that daughters should be reared without any cultivation of a taste at once so natural and so chaste—that they should be brought up with a feeling of insensibility to the very "smiles of God," as flowers have been aptly called.

Among other of the nameless charms which are said to characterize and render so bewitching the women, even the grisettes of Paris, this love of flowers is a universal passion—almost a *monomania*—if there be no exaggeration in the following, from the pen of an "AMERICAN IN PARIS," from whose work it was kindly trans-

cribed at our request by a fair young lady, and what is still better, *as good as she is fair*.

"Quite contrary to the great Parisian lady, who only loves flowers when she has nothing else left to love, the Parisian grisette loves flowers before she begins to love any thing else. The latter commences, as the former finishes. There is not, in all Paris, in the melancholy heights, in the sloping garrets—where the house sparrow hardly dares take his flight lest he should be giddy—a single girl, poor and alone, who does not come, at least once a week, to this flower market, to enjoy the spring and the sky. The poor girl in Paris, who gains her living by the hardest labor, from whom an hour lost takes a portion of her day's bread, has not time to go very far in search of verdure and the sun. And as neither verdure, nor the sun, nor the brilliancy of flowers, nor the song of birds, comes to seek her in the frightful corners where she conceals her sixteen years, it is she herself who goes in search of them. Nothing is more delightful to see than this poor, half-clad child, coming to buy a whole flower-garden in one single pot. She stops a long time, fearful, undecided, and curious; she would fain see, and smell, and take away all. She admires their forms, their colors, their indescribable perfume; she is delighted! However, she must at last conclude, by making this long-coveted purchase. The poor girl advances with a timid step.—'Madam,' says she, 'how much are your flowers?' Your flowers! It is generally a pot of mignonette, which gives but little hope of thriving. At these words the flower-woman smiles good-humoredly. Of all the honest people who gain their living by buying and selling, the flower-woman has, without contradiction, the most upright conscience, and the most sincere good faith. She sells at a high price to the rich, but a very low one to the poor. She thinks she ought to encourage so good a passion, and that it is much better for this young girl to buy a flower to ornament her wretched little room, than a ribbon to adorn herself. Thus she sells her pot of mignonette or sweet peas almost for nothing. And then the young grisette goes away more happy, and more triumphant, than

if she had, in the presence of a notary, purchased a whole domain. See her light step, as she carries off an estate in her arms, singing as she goes! And for a week she experiences the greatest delight. She waters the sweet plant, morning and evening; she seeks for it some nice little corner upon the roof, by the side of the chimney, which protects it from the north wind. At the first ray of sun which penetrates those melancholy walls, the flower is exposed to the pale and trembling light; at the first whistle of the north wind, the flower is carefully shut up in the room, and then the amiable girl does for her flower what she has never done for herself—she prevents the air from intruding through the ill-joined door, the half-open window, or the chimney, which has neither fire nor flame.—Vain, but delightful efforts! At first, the humble plant, grateful for so much care, throws out here and there a few scrubby leaves, which cheer the heart of the happy proprietor of this estate of half a foot; after the leaf, the flower sometimes appears—not the flower itself, but the hope of one. Then the grisette claps her hands: ‘Come,’ she says to her neighbors,—‘come and see how my periwinkle is flowering!’ But at these first announcements of spring, all this hope of fertility usually stops; night and cold are more powerful than the zeal of the young girl; after a month of struggling and suffering, the flower fades, languishes, and dies; it is only the shadow of a shadow. She weeps over it; she thinks, this time, she really will give up such vain delights. But how can hope be stifled in young hearts? When she has had a long fit of weeping, she again makes another attempt, fruitless as the former, until at last, this passion is replaced by one far less honest.”

The following piece we extract, as appropriate to the subject in hand, from a volume entitled “TAM’S FORTNIGHT RAMBLE,” published by Cary & Hart, Philadelphia:

OUR LITTLE GARDEN.

WITHIN the crowded city,
Where life has scarcely room,
I have a little garden
Where simple flowers bloom.
There grows the morning-glory,
With many a varied hue;

Its flowers are pink and purple
And virgin-white and blue.

The four-o’clock each evening
Unfolds its scented cup;
And from a nook the violets
With diffidence peep up.

The marigold and rose-bush
Have each a fitting place;
And there the yellow jasmine
Expands with modest grace.

The blue-bell and geranium,
The beauteous balsamine,
The pink, the lady’s slipper,
The tender cypress vine.

The brilliant-hued nasturtion
Is climbing up the wall,
And there the tall sun-flower
Looks proudly on them all.

I have some rarer flowers;
Of these I will not tell,
Though I find many reasons
To love them all full well.

The humbler plants are dearer
And give me deeper joy:
They tell me of my mother,—
And when I was a boy.

She loved such simple flowers,
And tended them with care;
These many years in Heaven,
She tends the flowers there.

And we now teach our children
To love such flowers too,—
To pattern by her virtues,—
As she once did, to do.

So, when they have no mother,
And when their father’s fled,
They’ll have some sure memorials,
To tell them of the dead;

Some humble, blooming flower
(Which God renews each year)
To bid them in their duty
With faith to persevere.

When they to cares of manhood
And womanhood attain,
The lessons flowers teach them
They’ll find are not in vain.

FLOWERS AMONG RUINS.

BY J. G. MACCLESLLAN.

NEVER was there ruin old,
Arch, or freize, or column gray,
That so deeply chilled the mould,
As to blight the flowers away.

There will spring in glory clad,
Up the hoary altar's side,
Hallowing yet the Ruins sad,
Scattering incense far and wide.

Fane of old, and Gothic aisle—
Tomb of martyred saint, or knight—
Dark and gloomy castle pile,
On the sea-crag's dizzy height—

Though the Pagan pomp be sped,
And no priestly chant there be,
Though the wassail song be dead,
Song and tale of minstrelsy:

Yet about their turrets gray,
And the spandrel's lonely pile,

O'er the muffled effigy,
Flowers in bloom will creep and smile.

Flowers which fling their soft perfumes—
Flowers which soften Time's decay
As they wave their flags of truce,
Shedding odors in his way.

Thus along Life's path are strewn,
Ruins sad that sin has made;
Each age has left its Runic stone,
Along Time's broken colonnade.

Yet amid these Ruins vast,—
Spirits crushed—and hearts unstrung,
Doubts beguiling thick and fast,
Weeping souls with sorrow wrung;

Flowers of fragrance fondly wreath,
Pouring as their censers swing,
Incense pure as Eden's breath,
To cheer the faithful laboring.

Wheeling, Va.

FEMALE ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

BY BENJ. F. TAYLOR.

SINCE the days when Milton was "poet laureate" of Paradise, the English language has undergone notable changes, or else his epithet applied to our fair, fallible mother, is sadly inappropriate—

"———accomplished Eve!"

And then Eve was not a "lady"—a mere gardener's wife and nothing more! Just to think of it! Adam and his *lady* lopping "the wanton growth" of vegetation, on the banks of the Ganges or wherever the original demesne might have been. These are marvellous times we live in—no women, and as for children, even they are old-fashioned—quite obsolete. People come into the world ladies and gentlemen, ready made, and quite as soon as they have practically ascertained the centre of gravity, toddle off, under the weight of a bustle, bearing a sunshade, wearing flounces, dancing the "Polka,"

or accompanying "mamma," arrayed in a skirted coat with gilt buttons, strapped pantaloons, and crowned with a fashionable hat of somebody's "last."

And then what has become of the Marys, the Pollys, the Mollys, the Janes, the Carolines, and Catharines of old times? "Not at home." Marie, Catharina, Jeanette and Carolina have taken their places. Old style Clarissa, accent on the first syllable, is positively horrid. Nobody ever hears of any thing but *Clarissa*. The fact is, we live in times of "progress," and the accent has actually caught the spirit of the age, and slipped forward, most romantically, upon the second syllable!

In the acceptance just alluded to, "ladies" are the improvements of a later, and, autobiographically, a wiser age; and it may be demonstrated without logic, that had there been no "first of May"—no moving day in Eden—these

animate ornaments of creation would never have been invented.

But for Eve, although no "lady," it cannot be denied that whatever gifts of grace and beauty have been so liberally dispensed among her daughters from Christendom to Circassia, she herself possessed in an eminent degree. That she was ever the inmate of a "Boarding School," is quite improbable; of music, dancing and drawing masters' tuition, we have no record; her knowledge of Italian was doubtless limited, for Babel was not yet; in plain sewing, however, she was not altogether a novice; but embroidery and worsted work were Greek to her, (Philologists suppose she spoke Sanscrit,) and yet the blind Bard, with not a grain of the gulf in his composition, has woven her picture into the great Epic of the language and the time, and crowned it with that one line,

"Daughter of God and man, accomplished Eve!"

Now it is no part of our business to inveigh against the parlor and drawing-room graces, any more than it is our intention to distinguish between the woman whose satin-cased foot presses a "best Brussels" every day, and the lady who plays laundress for a livelihood. These are among the contingencies of life. There is, beneath *our* Heaven, no entail of fortune, any more than there is of sunlight; and every day's observation and everybody's experience demonstrates the fact that modern "accomplishments" are of fabric too frail for the ordinary wear of the world, and like the Dacca Lace that one night's dews will hide, they disappear beneath the cloud and the tear that are sent, like the rain, upon the "evil and the good."

The Corinthian order of architecture, so delicate and ornate, was suggested, we are told, by seeing a wreath of Acanthus leaves that had chanced to entwine a votive basket, placed according to a beautiful oriental custom, upon a grave. The basket was wicker and it mouldered, the flowers withered, and the Acanthus, a thing bristling with thorns, alone remained.

Now modern "accomplishments" are the Acanthus wreaths of a more beautiful architecture than Corinthian sculptors boast—the female mind, and when we say *female* mind, we mean to distinguish it from the ruder, sterner, self-relying intellect of man; we mean to express our dissent from the doctrine that woman is to be the *avant courier* in the work of reform, by

deserting the God-swept circle of home—that perennial spring of *all* influence, and sailing down the broad and rushing river of life, to cast some second branch of blessing into bitter waters, that gushed up, a fountain of Marah, within the very light of the deserted hearth-stone; the doctrine that would bid woman transform herself into an Amazon for the strife, and sever the arteries of those finer feelings pulsating in her bosom, that they may not interfere with her drawing the bow! We know nothing of the philosophy or the religion of such a doctrine—would that we knew nothing of its results. We are no Turk. We would not that woman's lovely influence should go veiled through the world, but reveal its light in its own firmament of home—that miniature heaven that bends so lovingly over all of whom unerring lips have said, "of such are the Kingdom of Heaven."

When Liberty has been profaned in her own appointed temples—her shrine desecrated by unhallowed hands, she has fled not to the prince's host but the peasant's hearth, and has been warmed to new life in the bosom of its household divinity. When Religion, pure and undefiled, has been extended upon the cross, and borne rent and lifeless to the tomb, it has reappeared, and been transfigured in some home of the mountain where woman dwelt, and not in the crowded mart where woman wandered; there, its altar has been reared and inscribed anew, and thence its light has radiated o'er all the world.

Who are they then, that talk of the "circumscribed" province of woman, and the narrow sphere of home? Would we seek for the great fountain and refuge of all that is "lovely and of good report"—we must seek it, not in the cloister or the crowd, but in the *HOMES* that star the dark and crimson field of the world. Would we seek for the springs of those antagonist influences that have bathed the world with tears and reddened them ere they fell, we must seek them, too, not in the forums or the fields, but in the *HOMES* of earth.

Round this great altar of refuge, then, would we rear broad and high the consecrated wall. Within it, would we enshrine the divinity of the place. Here and here only, would we find woman; here imprison her—imprison her? aye, as the light-house ray, that flows out pure as an angel's pulses into the night and darkness of the world—a *star beneath the cloud*; but brightest there—warmest there—*always* there, where

Heaven did kindle it, within the precinct, the very altar-place of home!

Home, then, in its true acceptation, is not created by industry or enriched by wealth or decorated by taste. If it does not enshrine woman—woman fitted for the sphere, it is not home. Here shine the purer jewels of her nature, if they shine at all; within this sacred horizon, are clustered all of earth that can make it heaven, all of heaven that earth can know. Here and here only, can she take up the words of old and say, "here am I and those whom thou hast given me!"

The same qualities that blessed the rude mountain homes of the olden time, when women made their simple toilet by the mirroring waters, must make them blessed now. The qualities that could make a home anywhere, even in the hovel that stars shone through at night—the heart that infused a soul into the "for better and for worse" of the ceremonial—the rare jewels of virtue and contentment that adorn her, every day, like a bride—the willing sacrifice of a thousand present pleasures to the common good—the bright intelligence that can interest if it cannot guide—the gentleness that can soothe if it cannot share—the sympathy that supports while it seems itself to cling. She who possesses these, *must* possess loveliness and grace that will survive the burnished tress, the rounded form and the cloudless eyes of youth. Let the "accomplishments" of the boarding school and the parlor have a place, but not the place. The fashionable "crush" of the Assembly, the blaze of the Soiree, the splendor of the Levee, have much to do with the coloring of life—little with its warp and woof. That may fade; this will wear

on. In a fabric so rich and rare as life's—in selecting an array that we must live in, love in, perchance suffer in, and that will assuredly be drawn around us, when at last we "lie down to pleasant dreams," how apposite the question, "*are the colors fast?*"

Thus was it that the minds and hearts of the wives and mothers of other days, were moulded—hearts that dilated to the fullest pulsation of our better nature—minds that left their noble impress upon those who should do and suffer in the field-fight of life. Old fashioned mothers have nearly all passed away with the blue check and homespun woolen of a simpler but purer time. Here and there one remains, truly "accomplished" in heart and life for the sphere of home. Old fashioned mothers—God bless them!—who followed us with heart and prayer all over the world; lived in our lives and sorrowed in our grief; who knew more about preaching than poetry; spoke no dialect but that of love; never preached or wandered; "made melody with their hearts," alone; and sent forth no books but living volumes that honored their authors and blessed the world.

We would not be misunderstood. If woman have a broader mission, now, in Heaven's name, let her fulfil it; if she have aught to sing—like the daughters of Judah, let her sit down by the waters of Babel, and the world shall weep—like Miriam, let her triumph-strain float gloriously over crushed but giant wrong, and the world shall hear; but let the triumph and lament issue, as did the oracles of old, from behind the veil that cannot be rent—the "inner temple" of sacred Home.



THE ABSENT ONES.

Amidst the bright, the free, the gay,
How often do we turn away
From all assembled near;
And, passing by all present things,
How rapt'rously our bosom clings
To those who are not here.

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The absent ones! whose flags unfurl'd
Are streaming on the wide, wide world,
Breasting its waves of strife;
Struggling amidst its bubbling foam,
To keep their footing on that home,
The battle-field of life.

HO! FOR CALIFORNIA.

NUMBER I.

BY R. L. WILSON.

OVER hill and dale and glen, through a wide-spread and prosperous country—busy as the toiling bee in industrial pursuits—in Art and Science—the watch-word of a restless people now rings—“Ho! for California!”—“forward, march!”

Spangled in the rays of the setting sun, where the calm Pacific sleeps, and among rugged hills whose waters “ne’er gave back aught but the red man’s face,” a treasure lies. A glittering desert there, bids fair to make a desert here. The loom of the sturdy weaver is still, and a golden thread alone hums the tune of the spinning wheel. The counting house is deserted; its books being balanced between profit and loss—the plow-share of the husbandman is turned into bowie-knives and revolvers—and naught is heard in the workshop of the artisan, but the “clink of hammers, closing rivets up” for this land of promise. The scholar’s hope, the politician’s ambition, and even the school-boy’s prattle, awake to the echo, as it reverberates over the land—and “all the world and his wife” are apparently “ho-ing for California!”

What though ages have heretofore slumbered upon this golden pillow—the shade of the mountain dial kept the time, until we Americans, bumblingly in getting up, stumbled over the treasure, tearing the green garments of the earth, and exposing Nature as a model artist, personified in the stuff that “yellow boys” are manufactured from, to make us more than ever a great people, by rocking the baby fortune in a cradle until it becomes a giant!

It may be true, the Jesuits were its first discoverers, but dared not impiously proclaim their idol buried there. Like Achan in the camp of Israel, they might have coveted the glittering wedge—unlike him, however—timid to avoid a curse, shrank from the responsibility of its rescue. The harvest was then green—now it is ripe, and to gather it we go—reapers and rakers

and binders and stackers and thrashers, to bag the golden grain—and our word for it, there will be plenty of *Millers* there, too, to take their toll.

Some one way—some in another—over the plains—through the South pass—clambering the mountain—threading the gorge—safe by the Salt Lake—down the St. Mary’s—to a region though called *El Dorado*, emphatically entitled to the appellation of the “Great Unwashed,” “lying, being, and situated,” upon the northern and western round of the margin of the “great basin,” which is a sort of national Ewer, into the dish of which, the waters of a vast extent of country are poured, to sink or evaporate, as the case may be.

We’ll follow this crowd and see how they get along.

Wagons of every shape, size, and form, are constructed at different points throughout the country; into which are bundled, in boxes, bales, and casks, food and raiment for the journey—flour, meal, pork, bacon, beans, sugar, coffee, tea, *et cetera*, in that line; with camp kettles, tin ovens, spiders, spits, frying pans, and all the paraphernalia of the kitchen, for culinary purposes upon the road; rifles, pistols, bowie-knives, and belts; a supply of coarse clothing; pick axes, shovels, spades; three spans of mules, or two yoke of cattle; a “mess” for the gold diggers. Friends are bade adieu, and many a happy home hallowed by parental solicitude, made desolate or left destitute; the tear that dropped upon the altar behind, but dimming its sacred fire, that Moloch’s sacrifice in front might shine the brighter to guide them onward. Over the flood, like Noah’s birds, they flock for the general train at Independence, in their imagination, “fancy free,” that among the multitude gathered there, they are in the ark of safety, or rather in a fair way of getting into the “regular line.”

They start. Their wagons new, their cattle wild and fractious, themselves inexperienced, and after days of toil—their journey not yet begun—

wayworn and weary, succeed in reaching the river, the red Missouri, whose waters flow even from where the three tines of its forks pierce the Rocky Mountains, far towards Oregon. No matter—they are bound by the "overland route." Six miles from the river, on the south side, is Independence; a thrifty village, made up of merchants, wagon makers, blacksmiths, saddlers, gunsmiths, tailors, and so forth, to the aggregate number of about three thousand souls, as is common so to speak, though more than half of them have no souls at all; and gathered there in congregated mass are the pilgrims to the hope of gain—truly a motley crew—worse than an "Indian payment;" for the honest hearted and brave red man is not among them. He is gone. Cupidity has purchased the graves of his fathers, despoiled him of his hunting grounds and sent him a homeless wanderer upon the waste beyond. Whiskey and the white man, as they follow him, will do the rest. When he dies, why should not the pale face turn red?

"By Mar-ka-to-wa's flowery marge,
An Indian wigwam stood—
Long ere the white man's rifle rang
Loud through the echoing wood.
The tomahawk and scalping knife
Together lay at rest—
For peace was in the forest shade,
And in the red man's breast.
Oh, the spotted fawn,
Oh, the spotted fawn,
The life, and the light of the forest shade,
With the red Chief's child is gone.

By Mar-ka-to-wa's flowery marge,
The spotted fawn had birth,
And grew as fair an Indian girl,
As ever blest the earth.
She was the red Chief's only child,
And wooed by many a brave,
But to the gallant young "White Cloud,"
Her plighted troth she gave.
Oh, the spotted fawn—

By Mar-ka-to-wa's flowery marge,
A bridal song arose;
Nor dreamed they on that festal night,
Of close encircling foes.
But through the forest, stealthily,
The white man came in wrath,
And fiery death before him hurled,
And blood was on his path.
Oh, the spotted fawn—

By Mar-ka-to-wa's flowery marge,
Next morn the strife was seen, [blood,
And a wall went up with the young Fawn's
When the White Cloud's dyed the green.
And burial then in their own rude way,
The Indians gave them there,
While a low, but sweet-toned requiem,
The birds sang, and the air.
Oh, the spotted fawn,
Oh, the spotted fawn,
The life and the light of the forest shade,
With the red Chief's child has gone."

Even there she is followed, for the prophet "Moroni" of the Mormons has already usurped the spirit place of the Indian's "Manitou." But we have it from a record before this progressive age began, that when we are all gathered to a common father, 'the tares shall be separated from the wheat.' Then will the red man's wrongs be righted!



IT IS THE SONG MY MOTHER SINGS.

It is the song my mother sings,
And gladly do I list the strain;
I never hear it but it brings
The wish to hear it sung again.
She breathed it to me long ago,
To lull me to my baby rest;
And as she murmured soft and low,
I slept in peace upon her breast.
Oh gentle Song! thou hast a throng
Of angel tones within thy spell;
I feel that I shall love thee long,
And fear I love thee far too well.

For though I turn to hear thee now,
With doating glance of warm delight;
In after years, I know not how
Thy plaintive notes may dim my sight.
That mother's voice may then be still,
I hear it falter day by day;
It soundeth like a fountain rill,
That trembles ere it cease to play.
And then this heart, thou gentle song,
Will find an anguish in thy spell;
'Twill wish it could not love so long,
Or had not loved thee half so well.

OUR MOSAIC WORK.

OLD FASHIONED, BUT NEVER OUT OF FASHION.—Among the "immortal few" who were poets because they couldn't help it—whose very breath was song, one who delighted in the cognomen of James Hogg, or if the supernumerary guttural does not render it euphonious "to ears polite," the Ettrick Shepherd must not be quite forgotten. Rarely, indeed, do we see his "woodnotes wild" honored with morocco and "gilt edge," and more rarely still, find them gracing the centre table, and why should they?

They were long since clasped in the richer crimson of many an admiring heart, and hummed by many a Highland lassie as she lightly tripped over her native heather.

The title-deed by which he holds his reputation, is not one of ink and parchment. He was not the creature of the critics: the breath of praise did not fan him into the ephemeral popularity that disappears with the sunbeam that revealed and quickened it; the blast of censure did not kindle his spirit into a purer and more aspiring flame of poetry. Without the learning of the schools, or the polish of the *beau monde*, he beheld nature with a loving eye; his ear caught her harmonies, to grosser sense inaudible, and straight he sang as the birds sing and woke the slumbering echo in many a heart. No gusts of passion, no dalliance with courtly words, he has little to commend him to the artificial, nothing, to the thoughtless. He looked, and Nature's living lines grew legible beneath his gaze; he heard, and the very breeze fell articulate upon his charmed and listening ear.

"The words are gude," said he, "but the connection I dinna ken," as he returned a copy of Bailey's Dictionary, kindly loaned him by a friend; and who would dream that he could turn from the volume, so mysterious to his simple mind, and, as he lay watching his flock upon the hill, in early morning, could trace the lark's ascent into heaven, catch her music and motion, translate them into the dialect of earth, and map her flight in lines like these!

"Bird of the wilderness
Bithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea;
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling place,
Oh! to abide in the desert with thee!"

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Wild is thy lay and loud—
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy—love gave it birth.
Where on thy downy wing,
Where art thou wandering?
Thy lay is in Heaven—thy love is on Earth!

O'er fell and fountain sheen—
O'er moor and mountain green—
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day—
Over the cloudlet dim—
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar singing away!
Then when the gloaming comes,
Down in the heather-blooms,
Sweet shall thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling place,
Oh! to abide in the desert with thee!

Can such lines be forgotten, and is it not strange, that poems like his, many of which have the uncounterfeit sparkle of Helicon, should be actually "out of print?" Were his own words indeed prophetic, when he sang,

Forge your minstrel once for a',
A tear fa's with his parting lay—
Good night—an' joy be wi' you a'!

LITERATURE OF THE TOMB.—The leaves of this literature are found wherever man has wept or wandered, from the splendid marble to the simple flower transplanted by the hand of affection and glittering with tears. Every hamlet, however illiterate its dwellers, has its unbound tablets of mortality—the rude gray stone, the plain marble or the sculptured cenotaph—the simple record of affection or the proud inscription of pompous grief—this written for the world's cold glance—that, to be read the thousandth time by tearful eyes. Eulogy upon marble is but cold praise, for it cannot quicken the 'dull ear of death,' while it mocks the hearts whose memories it revives. Such inscriptions should be the transcript of the faithful and stricken heart—beautiful in the brief and simple line.

The most eloquent tablet we ever saw, contained no word, but only a hand—the fingers of a hand pointing towards Heaven. It was just at evening, and involuntarily following the direction of the finger, a star that moment blazed out in the sky. A beautiful incident and a worthy theme for song. In the grave yard of a hundred

years, in Lebanon, Connecticut, is an expressive monument to the memory of the Trumbulls—a marble shaft broken at the top, the fragment lying as if it had fallen, at the base of the column. Another humble stone in the same community of the dead, bears only the words, in the orthography of the olden time, "our deere child."

Another still has the two words, "Little Mary." How beautiful are these simple inscriptions. How superior to the tardy praise that the shroud alone can quicken, springing like the early flowers, from the snows that had preserved their germs.

HALF AN HOUR AMONG THE BOOKS.—"Oh! y-e-s, (doubtfully) she is a very excellent, every-day sort of a woman, but then, you know, she doesn't move in the first circles, (decidedly) of course." This remark fell, not long ago, from a very pretty pair of lips—a vast deal prettier than the remark by the by—with an *ex cothedra* air, that consigned the poor woman to a position at least five removes from the exclusive "seventh heaven."

Society, like a thermometer, is regularly graduated. It has its moderate, very moderate and agreeable; its point of evaporation and positive etheriality. It has its zero, and, sad to say, its "below zero." People's aspirations are graduated accordingly. Almost every body affects "good society;" many would be "bright particular stars" therein; a few aspire to be legislators thereto, and fewer still claim to be—society itself. The last two, however, like Mahomet, take the precaution to come as near as possible to the mountain, before they command it to approach.

Now this desire to be in the "first circles" is not peculiar to marts or millionaires. Even the Hottentot and Camanche are no strangers to it. The one lays his claim to admission upon the number of scalps he has taken—the other, upon the well-authenticated fact that he has beaten his mother.

In more civilized and polite lands however, the venue is differently located. Some such meritorious quality as a Grecian nose, a finely pencilled brow or a graceful form, is regarded as a passport into the charmed ring. But the grand "sesame" after all, is wealth, or, to employ its synonyme, that somebody's friends or ancestors have toiled incessantly or stolen successfully. Those conversant with "Crabbe" may not remember any such synonyme in his excellent work, but it may be safely accepted without authority, be-

cause the common sense, the resolution and the habits of industry essential to the acquisition of an honest fortune, would deter an individual from preferring a claim, based upon a possession, a part of which he would not scruple to exchange for a quarter of mutton or a pound of tea.

This aspiration to move in the "first circles" is by no means unworthy—we would not insinuate such a thing—but, like most luxuries, its indulgence is attended with a nervous affection of the purse-strings, and its denial—sometimes—with a no less unpleasant one of the heart strings.

Could some plan be devised, by which one could wear, if needs be, quarter dollar calico or Kentucky jean, and yet remain unproscribed; be "at home" in slippers, and yet *tete a tete* with wit and genius; behold beauty without envy, and intellect without fear; see men and women in their mental "regalia," without being presented at a levee or crushed in an ante-room; dwell in the halls of the truly great, not in the capacity of a "poor relation," but as a courteous hostess, how soon would the paraphernalia of Fashion be at a discount, and her blind ladyship placed under the care of an oculist!

Now, incredible as it may appear, this plan has actually been devised—it works like a charm, and yet, somehow or other, very few of all the aspirants who are planning, plotting and pining to propitiate the janitor, the St. Peter of the elite, seem to be aware of it.

Fashions come from Paris, silks from China, laces from India and plumes from the Desert; but it must be confessed that this wonderful device had its origin in no "West End," no "up town" quarter of Christendom. It comes to us from a land suffocating with gutturals and redolent of King James' narcotic—the invention of that world-renowned firm, Geinsfleisch, Guttenburgh, Schaeffer and Faust—"Phœbus! what a name to fill the trump of Fame!"—the Press! That telegraph, blending yesterday with to-day—the great Daguerreotype of time—the twin-immortality that shall pass to "the silent halls of death," only when the shadow of "the last man" darkens their echoless threshold; the art that Alchemists vainly sought; that will not let those die who have ever truly lived.

Who, then, cannot move in the "first circles" the world has ever seen—claim acquaintance with its loveliest and best! Who that has listened to the glowing song of Mrs. Hemans, the pellucid thought of her milder sister this side the

water, the pure precepts of Hannah More, or the enthusiastic conversation of Mrs. Somerville—that has wept, one hour, at "Amelia's" touching strain, and fallen in love, the next, with the "gentle Elia"—that has angled with Walton and strolled with Thompson, played amanuensis to the blind bard, or been "next friend" to Cowper, and felt it to be no "task," heard "poor Goldy" talk of that "loveliest village of the plain," with no Johnson to browbeat him—that has sat at the feet of the infant-hearted but rough-coated "Leviathan," with no Boswell to bother him—that has listened to the "bard of Hope" as he told the story of Wyoming, breathed the dirge of Wallace, chanted the warning to Lochiel, or sang, in his own immortal strain, the Battle of the Baltic—and then what a coterie of historians, statesmen and divines will the outlay of a few shillings bring around the lowliest, in her graver moods, without the parade of a *douceur* or dinner!—who that has done this, can turn from *such* companionship, and sigh that the fortuitous gifts of fortune are not vouchsafed to her!

BEAUTIFUL—exceedingly, are Byron's lines on the death of Sheridan. They contain one of the most admirably sustained figures in his works, and betray, throughout, an appreciation of the force and beauty of words to express every tint of thought and shade of sentiment, that is almost marvellous.

A word or two, and an image is before you, startlingly bright, and beautiful as reality. This single production, well studied, would effect more in the refinement of the taste than a whole library of modern trash.

But what a pity it is that his lordship *would* plagiarize, as in that closing thought,

"and sigh
That Heaven formed but one such man,
And broke the die in moulding Sheridan!"

Ariosto has the same figure. Perhaps it is an evidence of the remarkable coincidence among great minds, and *perhaps*—not

CONDENSATION OF THOUGHT.—That was a great problem, how to dispose the least quantity of matter, to cover the greatest possible space. The bee "wound her mellow horn" of triumph over

its solution. Geometricians puzzled through it at last, and *writers* have pretty much all found it out.

Was it Milton, or *who* was it, that expressed the miracle of the water turned to wine, in the single sentence—"the conscious water knew its God and blushed"—there's the thought, rounded and tinted as a drop of summer rain in a sun-beam.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"Morna," "Elizabeth," "Blanche," and an *Alphabet* of initials, from whom favors have been received, will accept our thanks. A graceful little poem from the first named, has a place in this number. We have but just commenced "house-keeping"—in a small way to be sure—but then we never say "not at home."

There is a *genuine* California ring and sparkle in the communication with which our friend R. L. Wilson, Esq. has favored us, and we are happy to say that it is by no means the last "of the same sort." Had it not, like this month's number, made a *fashionable* arrival, it would not have been crowded so near our especial corner.

Our Milwaukie correspondent " * * "—that's it, isn't it?—is respectfully informed that in his (!) anxiety not to wound anybody else, he has committed suicide.

Not long since we set apart—dedicated a drawer, capacity about one peck, for the especial occupancy of those who, favored by their Ladyships, the Muses, might do us a similar kindness. Uncovetous, *contented* reader! the apartment aforesaid is filled, pressed down, heaped up, and will neither open nor shut! Fearing an accident, we incontinently set about reading credentials. We have done so; read all that were couched in the English language—we affect none but our vernacular—several excellent productions compensated us for the labor. One, however, merits a "passing" notice, who had the impudence to send us an article as his own, the only good lines being plagiarisms, spoiled in the stealing, accompanied with the modest request that we would forward six or eight copies of the number containing it.

Without the least disposition to flatter, we can assure "R. A." that although his "thoughts" exhibited no signs of respiration, yet his "words" manifested a decided tendency to "burn."

ONE THING AND ANOTHER.

PLUS ULTRA.—In our boyhood—we are not yet an octogenarian—timid “home bodies” talked in whispers of the “Genesee country,” and when some venturesome spirit “forsook father and mother” for the “West” and his wife, there were many tears, and the worthy pastor preached from the words, “sorrowing most of all, that they should see his face no more.” The little “settlements” of Rochester and Buffalo are there now. “The Ohio,” as they call it, was the ultima thule; that too was attained. On strode the pioneer, and the western woods trembled at his tread and laid their coronals at his feet. The wild-flower fled, and the bee’s small herald horn rang on before him, till Anglo-Saxon voices murmured like a sea, along the base of the mountain wall. Upon the God-hewn lintels of the mighty “Pass,” was traced the inscription they had borne from the pillars of Gibraltar, “*ne plus ultra*”—no more beyond—South to the ‘Delta,’ north to the cloudy distaff of the “Father of Rivers,” whose murmurs, chaffing with their rocky shores, rolled restlessly along. The pale Saxon *erased* that record, wrapped his mantle around him, and passed through the gateless Gaza of the farther West. On the green Multnomah—away “where rolls the Oregon”—beyond the Rubicon of “54 40”—up, till he heard the wolf’s long howl from Onalaska’s shore—down, till he saw the Andes’ fiery flags unfurled in welcome—away, till ripened sun-beams strewn Californian sands, and the ultima thule finally attained, the Pioneer sat calmly down and bathed his swollen and weary feet in the calm Pacific.

Kindly clairvoyant reader, we have “willed” you so far away, just to whisper a truth on your return: there *are* regions, rich in mines unwrought—as yet unseen—there is a realm, whose portal bears “*plus ultra*,” more beyond, words no Saxon hand shall ever dare obliterate—the World of Thought. We are playing Colon in a little western cruiser—from keel to spar, all western—“skipper” and helmsman aboard, but without the crew, the choir of western writers, the voyage is not worth a tattered topsail. We have “pulled out,” laid to—shall we send a boat ashore? Will western writers “bear us a hand?”—doffing sea phrase and tarpaulin together—there are many in Prairiedom, and “to the manor born,” who can weave the “counterfeit presentment” of life—can sing in strains unwritten yet. Will they unfold their napkins and invest a talent or two in “the venture,” show not *sotto voce*, that poetry and prairies, golden thought and golden grain are alike indigenous to the hither shore of our clustered seas? No green house literature of splendid exotics, but one of our own, springing like the wild flowers, free and vigorous from its native soil. We wait for “signals.”

SILENT PREACHERS.—

Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever singeth
A call to prayer.

Your voiceless lips, O, flowers are living preachers;
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,

Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook;

Were I—

But why should we repeat what everybody knows—this beautiful apostrophe to the sinless children of forest and dell? Now and then, a would-be-thought-great mind affects to believe that “poesies” should be left to school girls, gardeners and grandams—

“A primrose, by the river’s brim,
A yellow primrose is to him,
And it is nothing more.”

Confidentially, now, we would interrogate the owner of the mind with the long adjective, if among all the rainbow-painted tribes, he ever spied a filament but half done, a leaflet carelessly cut, or colored from a poor pattern; if he ever was up early enough in a May morning or kept vigils late enough at night, to find Nature doing “prentice work;” if he ever detected the brush’s trail on a rose leaf, or a finger-print on a snow-drop. Assuredly not; and if the Hand that curved the comet’s train could stay to weave the lily’s snowy robe—the touch that flushed the “azure overhead,” could tarry on the tulip’s crimson vest, how can he turn contemptuously away from these beautiful *Annals*, damp and glittering with the imprint of heaven.

We do not wonder that Milton made the farewell to the floral dwellers in Paradise, the burden of Eve’s Lament: “Oh flowers that never will in other climate grow!” Thanks to Heaven, she was no prophetess. These records of Eden in the angels’ own autograph, were borne before the weeping exile, on the waveless wing of Omnipresence. They fringe the mountain’s eternal robe, spring like sweet thoughts from the bosom of the clefted rock, chill the hot breath of the desert to tears, swing on the billow and nestle in the glen.

Well; we have had a hymn and a sermon, the *text* you will find by turning to the flower-plate—a bouquet composed of a *Ranunculus*—*would it* smell as sweet by any other name?—Phlox and Aster. The yellow rose-like flower, is an aristocratic “old country” relative of our republican Buttercup, that somehow has caught the tint of an Asiatic sun. The pink triad has an unpretending cousin, in everybody’s acquaintance, the “sweet William,” and the star flower, Aster, is one of a splendid constellation, culminating in the “leafy month,” and inlaying the rest of the year with the most delicate and beautiful mosaics.

As for classes, orders, genera and species, we refer to Lincoln, Linnaeus and the Ladies.

SAD.—When star-proof shadows for a time hung over his spirit, Johnson was wont to pray that his reason might not be clouded. At sunset it was clear, and he passed the borders of the better land, awake. Charles Fenno Hoffman, the Barry Cornwall of America, whose songful children “were not born to die,” is the inmate of a Lunatic Asylum. The orb that made so bright a day, is dimmed—we trust that Mercy’s gentlest sigh may waft the passing cloud away, and sunlight bend a bow upon the falling tear:

Immortal thoughts—bright beads of gold,
 From a shiver'd necklace shed,
 Dimmed in the dust have darkly rolled—
 Thy hand alone, those thoughts can thread!
 Restore the Pleiad to its throne,
 Attired in light again to rule;
 Those scattered rays are all thine own,
 Reflect them, Father, to the soul!

Social Distinctions; or Hearts and Homes. Prevention better than cure; or, the moral wants of the world we live in. By Mrs. Ellis.

Charms and Counter Charms. Two Lives; or, to seem and to be. By Maria J. McIntosh.

Margaret Percival—Gertrude—Amy Herbert—Laneton Parsonage—and Walter Lorimer. By Miss Sewell.

Ellen Middleton and Grantley Manor. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton.

Friends and Fortune. By Anna Harriet Drury. D. Appleton and Company: 1849.

These twelve volumes—for which, by the way, we are indebted to the politeness of Messrs A. H. and C. BUNLEY—form part of a series for family reading, now issuing from the press of the Appletons.

We have placed them together because they make their re-appearance, this side the water, in company, and for the better reason, that their singleness of purpose, elevation of tone and purity of style, entitle them to "special seats" where they may not be jostled and smothered in the motley crowd of billious looking fictions that are daily and hourly scrambling into existence.

The fair authors are all known to the literary world, and although some of them have written much, yet we know not a line, that dying, they could wish blotted out.

If people will read fictions—we might have omitted the "if"—if they prefer to regard the image rather than the original, then let them read those books, that like perfect mirrors, give back true reflections "in little." It is no less a fact than a curious one, that we often fall quite in love with a portrait when we were very far from entertaining any such sentiment for the "sitter;" that tourists pay a dollar for delightedly squinting through a lens at a wretched delineation of Alpine scenery, when they had turned from the sublime originals—those frosted furrows in God's fallow field, with no impression so vivid as that of garrulous guides, rough traveling and contused joints. How much of this is due to the love of Art, how much to the inability of ordinary minds to preserve the "unities" in combining and harmonizing the parts and parcels of their own observation or experience, and how much, to an unaccountable perversity of judgment, is not our present province to determine. It is enough for us to know that from some cause or other, the fact is a fact.

The lover of a pure and wholesome literature that will do no dishonor to the language or the land, and which he can bequeath without misgiving, as a legacy to his children, cannot but regard apprehension, the rapid advances which the *Ingraham* school is making in popular favor; while the standard fictions of Goldsmith, Johnson, Scott, Cooper, and a constellation of female writers, are laid away upon the upper shelf with old almanacs, "dying confessions," and superannuated garden-seeds.

We believe somewhat in the Homoeopathic aphorism, *similia similibus curantur*, like are cured by like; and we rejoice to know that several respectable publishers are acting upon this principle, in giving to the world reprints of the purest and the best of this species of literature.

THE ENGRAVING in the present number is a beautiful thing—full of expression legible as letter press. Not a face, from the mild, searching eye of Harper—Washington—on the left, to the meaning, almost stern glance with which Birch regards the unlucky Captain, as he utters that memorable warning, in reply to the youth's eager inquiry for news, "Have you heard that Major Andre has been hung?" that has not a marked character. The distrustful and earnest gaze of the elder Wharton as he stealthily strives to read the calm face of the quiet Harper, with affected indifference, endeavoring to mend the while, the broken china, which Miss Peyton had dropped from her hand, as the pedlar drew forth from his hiding place, a quantity of exquisite lace—the Martha Washington countenance of the elder of the girls—the position of old Caesar—all are eloquent of the story.

And the story—but everybody has read the "Spy of the Neutral Ground." Worse books have been written since, and—we trust the expression is not indictable—by the same author. Even Genius, harnessed down to the California plow, acquires a heavy gait, in stumbling among the furrows. Authors, eminent ones, are apt to catch the spirit of the age, and be in a hurry to get glory or gold, forgetting that whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well. Beautifully true are those lines of somebody,

"Be patient—oh! be patient!
 Put your ear against the earth,
 And listen there how noiselessly
 The germ of the seed hath birth;
 How noiselessly and gently
 It upheaves its little way,
 Till it parts the scarcely broken ground,
 And the blade stands up in the day.

Be patient—oh! be patient;
 The germs of mighty thought,
 Must have their silent undergrowth—
 Must underground be wrought."



